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The Return from Port Said

THE twisted and deceitful course of Sir Anthony Eden's diplomacy in the last fortnight is well illustrated by the excuses which have been officially advanced for the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt. First, it was said that we had to intervene to protect British nationals and property threatened by the outbreak of hostilities between Israel and Egypt. Then the excuse shifted. The purpose of the ultimatum was to keep open the Suez Canal. It is worth noting that on the day our ultimatum was issued the largest number of ships which had ever been handled in a day were passing through the Canal and that as a result of our intervention the channel is now blocked so seriously that it will take many weeks to clear. When the world refused to countenance this second excuse, new pretexts were discovered. Our act of aggression had become a "police action" to terminate the fighting between Israel and Egypt—notwithstanding that it took place a hundred miles inside Egyptian territory. Public opinion, still unconvinced, reacted to that by asking under what system of law self-appointed policemen were permitted to join forces with the unlawful assailant against his victim. So Sir Anthony shifted again: the *real* object of our operation was to strengthen the U.N. and give it teeth. As Mr. Bevan observed in Trafalgar Square last Sunday, any burglar might equally defend himself by claiming that his purpose was to train the police force.

This lamentable record of prevarication, which has been entirely unworthy of a British Prime Minister, makes us chary of accepting Sir Anthony's good faith in this week's gesture of accepting the U.N. demand for a cease-fire. The blunt truth is that the invasion of Egypt was planned by Britain and France three months ago in response to Nasser's nationalisation of the Canal Company; it was put into operation at the first moment at which some sort of pretext could be found to justify it; and all the falsehoods and half-truths which have been uttered since have been designed merely to distract attention from the continuing objective of Anglo-French policy—the physical occupation of the Canal. The final proof of British deceit is provided by documents released by the U.N. this week; they show that negotiations about the future operation of the Canal were on the verge of success.

On Wednesday the Premier was still claiming that as a condition of cease-fire, British technicians should be allowed to get to work on clearing the obstructions in the Canal. But we suspect that the real purpose of this proviso is to bring pressure on the U.N. not to insist on the withdrawal of British and French troops from Egyptian territory. Such rearguard prevarication will convince no one. The temper of the U.N. debate on Wednesday night showed that the majority is in no mood to permit its proposed international police force to consist of camouflaged British and French interventionists.

Mr. Gaitskell, speaking last Tuesday at the Labour demonstration in the Albert Hall, solemnly pledged his party to continue its offensive against the government until British troops are evacuated from Egypt. He deserves in this the continuing support of all those who have joined him in the campaign to bring the fighting to an end. By far the most serious aspect of Eden's war policy has been the implied assertion of the principles that imperial interests override the most solemn international obligations, and that the power of the strong can legitimately be invoked in a selfish cause against the weak. It was Mr. Gaitskell again who pointed out this week that, in the jungle, Britain is by no means the greatest beast.

By offering a cease-fire in terms which pay some lip-service to U.N. resolutions and by capitalising the relief which everybody will feel if the war indeed proves to be over, Sir Anthony is once again seeking to divert attention from his real objective. Both the U.N., and those in Britain who wish to restore our repute in the world, must now insist that Eden's act of aggression ends by the withdrawal of the invading troops.

Comments on the Week's News

The Soviet Crime in Hungary

This week the world watches the murder of Hungary with a gaze which is focused on the loathsome details: children pouring petrol from jugs to fire the Soviet tanks; young rebels, who had reached safety in Austria, returning after 12 hours' rest to continue the hopeless struggle; the last cry of Imry Nagy heard in every nation from Budapest Radio. It is difficult now to think beyond these poignant incidents. In years to come the events of the last fortnight may be remembered for something of greater historical importance. For we have been watching not only the end of the Hungarian bid for freedom, but the end of the Soviet myth. To all western Socialists at least, the Russian action is indefensible and unforgivable. It is also very nearly incomprehensible. Despite the emergence of some counter-revolutionary elements, there was never any real danger that the Hungarian revolt would end in the restoration of the Horthyite Fascists, or that "western imperialists" would move to create a military base in Hungary. Hungary could have been neutral, like Austria, outside the Warsaw Pact without threat to Soviet security, and it is almost certain that the western powers would have collaborated in making her so. If, indeed, Russian fears on that score were genuinely felt—and we can scarcely credit this—a very little diplomatic inquiry would have shown them baseless. Why then have the Russians been prepared to throw away all the fruits of their post-Stalin diplomacy and to contradict some of the most important implications of the 20th Congress? The only sane explanation is that the political consequences of the escape of one of the satellites would be too grave for the Soviet system to stand. If one goes, the Russians seem to believe, others—perhaps all—will follow. And why should such a dash for freedom stop short on the Soviet frontier? Whatever the precise calculations of the Soviet leaders, their criminal act in Hungary is an indication of moral weakness and political failure. Their dilemma is one which springs directly from the decisions of the 20th Congress: how do you give people freedom and at the same time limit it to prescribed doses? Their answer is now clear. Within the limits of the Warsaw Pact and a Communist system, but only within those limits, individual Communist Parties are to be permitted a good deal of national independence. Indeed, it is even possible that this restricted latitude will still be permitted to the Hungarians. But one step outside the Warsaw Pact, and the Russian tanks will move. The Soviet Empire is still held together with bonds of steel.

Washington Without Dulles

The sudden illness of Mr. Dulles has pulled the lynch-pin out of American policy-making. Though the President has other advisers to whom he can turn—notably Mr. McCloy, strongly fancied as the successor to Mr. Dulles—he has been peculiarly dependent upon the Secretary of State. Such a delegation of authority might have mattered less if Mr. Dulles himself had followed a consistent line, built up a machine inside his department to carry it out, and worked closely with his own experts. But he, in turn, delegated his powers. Much of the time he has been away abroad, travelling over 350,000 miles since he took office. He has not had time to supervise the State Department. Some of his decisions, indeed, have been taken quickly, without proper consideration or advice from his own expert staff. They, in turn, have had to get on with day-to-day policy as best they can, under the guidance of the Under-Secretary, Herbert Hoover, Jr., the oil-man turned foreign affairs expert since he worked out the consortium settlement of the Abadan dispute. Mr. Hoover, the son of the Republican president, is a staunch conservative, out of tune with many of Mr. Eisenhower's ideas and often out of touch with Mr. Dulles, his immediate superior. The result has been a proliferation of co-ordinating committees, directly controlled by the Operations Co-ordinating Board, which is itself subordinate to the National Security Council—another omnibus committee set up to deal with defence and foreign policy because the presidential cabinet is not capable of discharging these responsibilities. In short, there has been muddle and confusion in the routine of foreign policy-making, and more than once Mr. Dulles and the President have simply by-passed the whole cumbersome machinery in order to make a necessary decision. For all this, the President must bear some responsibility; a sincere desire to ensure peace does not compensate for administrative incompetence or the paralysis of policy that follows when a Secretary of State is, in fact, cut off from his own department. The President now faces a crisis without an adequate departmental machine.

Assessing the Damage

What has been the cost of Eden's adventure? Sterling suffered severely and the government has been forced to draw heavily on its gold reserves to keep up the price on world markets. The size of the operational force (60,000 British troops, 30,000 French, 1,200 jet-aircraft and two-thirds of our active fleet) gives further indication of the pressure on the Treasury. The Canal is blocked in seven different places and, at a conservative estimate, will not be in full operational order again for three months, even assuming that repairs can be started next week. It will be at least six weeks before IPC can resume oil shipments through its principal pipeline, and our refineries and installations in Bahrein, Qatar and elsewhere have suffered extensive and costly damage. We are already being forced to buy Venezuelan oil and pay for it in dollars. Nor, alas, can the cost be measured in financial terms alone. The reactions of Iraq and Pakistan, hitherto our firmest friends in the Middle East, have dismayed the Foreign Office; ten years of careful work in building up good relations has been cast away in one week. The British censorship on the Gulf dependencies has been almost complete since the start of the crisis, but such reports as have leaked out speak of extensive rioting against British officials and the local rulers they manipulate. Anti-British feeling, as Mr. Edward Atiyah points out in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, must be expected to spread and develop in the months to come. Saudi-Arabia's decision to break off relations has ruined the chances of an Anglo-Saudi *rapprochement*, which had recently seemed promising, and of which the return of Mr. St. John Philby to his post as adviser to the King was a portent. Jordan's fear of an Israeli invasion—and this alone—has prevented her from repudiating her treaty with Britain; but it is clear that the chances of a permanent Anglo-Jordanian agreement, which had seemed good even after the elections, are now remote. Indeed, the Suez invasion appears to have completed the kingdom's decomposition; and to judge from the latest reports, it is now partially occupied by rival Iraqi and Syrian forces. At this stage the final outcome seems uncertain; but it cannot be to Britain's advantage. Most serious of all, perhaps, the crisis has strengthened pro-Communist influence in Syria. Increased shipments of Soviet arms and the growing power of the Syrian C.P. are combining to make the Kuwatly regime a hostage of Moscow.

NEXT WEEK

Children's Books

A Special Supplement

also

Profile of Captain Waterhouse

with drawing by VICKY

The French Role

The part played by the French government in the Suez crisis will never be fully known; but it is already clear that it was entirely an evil one. For Eden, the Suez invasion was a way out of his personal difficulties. For France, much more was at stake: the future of Algeria. Once the decision to send the ultimatum was taken—and the French were largely responsible for reducing the time limit from 24 to 12 hours—their efforts were concentrated on committing the Allied invasion force at the earliest possible moment. British opinion was that saturation bombing of military installations should be completed before troops landed; the French argued that speed was essential, and that the Canal Zone should be seized before the week-end, even at the cost of heavy casualties. At first, Sir Anthony resisted French pressure; and three separate announcements by the French Defence Ministry (on Thursday, Friday and Saturday) that the invasion was about to take place subsequently proved premature. These were clearly attempts to force Eden's hand. On Sunday, M. Pineau and M. Bourgès-Maunoury flew to London and offered to send in French troops first; and at this point Eden appears to have capitulated, and to have ordered Allied HQ to advance the date of landing operations. The decision, early on Tuesday afternoon, to order a cease-fire, was taken against violent and hysterical French opposition; and in a desperate bid to convince French opinion (above all parliamentary) that the operation had, in fact, been carried through, the French Defence Ministry issued a statement claiming that "most" of the Canal Zone had been occupied before the cease-fire. This had to be denied the same evening, and the French government now faces a serious political crisis. These facts call for two comments. First, it is plain that, without French pressure, Allied troops would not have landed before the cease-fire was ordered. Secondly, it seems likely that an important factor in persuading Eden to yield to this pressure was the formation of an inter-parliamentary "action group" between the Suez extremists in the Tory Party and a number of diehard French deputies, some of whom have, to say the least, unsavoury records. This is a new and disturbing development, and the Labour Party must make it its business to investigate such contacts and uncover them.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Budapest

The Feast of the Dead

Bruce Renton writes from Austria: There was a smell of mouldering corpses outside the Hungarian parliament. It was dusk, and the great bridges linking Buda and Pest over the Danube, catching the last rays of an autumn sun, were all one could recognise of the Budapest that was. The population hurried over the rubble in Rakosi St. They crowded round the cars of the western journalists. For the moment they paid no attention to the youths nearby engaged in tommy-gun battles with the last of the AVO secret police troops in the houses. The revolution seemed to have been won. The trophy of an Italian colleague brought home to me the fact that this had been a revolution in the real and full sense of the word: it was the blue-banded hat of an AVO officer. The previous owner was hanging by his feet from the yellow-leaved branches of the trees outside the AVO central barracks on the Pest bank of the Danube.

A strange silence, broken by the whine of stray bullets, fell over the stricken city as the news got round that 200 Russian tanks were moving into positions round the city. At the Hotel Duna a babble of western journalists tried vainly to get through to their capitals. Embassies were burning documents. Columns of rebels responded to Russian tank moves by moving to the outskirts of the city. (One suddenly realised that they could no longer be called "rebels"; they were Hungarians.)

Budapest that night was a city of candles. From afar it had at times a Scandinavian Christmas air. Candles in the windows of the houses, candles in the cemeteries, candles over the corpses of the freedom fighters stretched out and draped in green, red and white flags in Republic Square, in a great feast of the dead. Boys, solemn and determined, tearless, lit candles on the spot where their fathers had fallen. But the faces of the AVO troops whose bodies were heaped in the square had been crushed and spat on. Scores of cigarette ends had burned them beyond recognition. Parliament Square was silent and deserted, save for a few weeping women who crossed themselves before the candles under the walls of Parliament. A Hungarian officer approached smiling. I told him I wanted to speak to Nagy or Kadar. He was not in the least surprised. Two soldiers, carrying tommy-guns and grinning hopefully, led me through a maze of rich Byzantine corridors. The incredible thing about Hungary's ten days of liberty was the fact that journalists from all over the world, dashing up and down the Budapest-Vienna road, were the unofficial ambassadors of the Hungarian government to the outside world.

The two dirty soldiers, in their Russian uniforms, walking down these golden passages, gave an impression of Russia 1917. After the atmosphere of the streets the warm waiting room was soothing for the nerves, apart from the fact that armed patrols kept passing incongruously across the rich carpets. One of Nagy's assistants spoke fluent English. "Oh, what a fine paper," he said when I told him I represented the *New Statesman*. In the next room Nagy was arguing with Soviet ambassador Andropov. The assistant told me that in half an hour's time Nagy intended to declare Hungary a neutral country and ask the UN for protection. "Russian troops are pouring in from the Ukraine. They are digging in round Budapest. I am very pessimistic. I hope I am safe in telling you this. But you could not communicate it anyway." There was a swift passing of messages for relatives in the west, a handshake, and he advised me to leave Budapest at once.

It seems hopeless to continue this correspondence. As we raced madly back to the Italian legation, shooting in the squares helped us lose ourselves in the now deserted, dark and rubble-covered streets. There was a row with an embassy employee whose baby Fiat 600 we had smashed that day. Several hundred dollars changed hands—almost as if dollars were no longer worth anything. It was a nightmare dash for the road to Vienna. At one point the freedom fighters, with the aid of guns, only just prevented us from driving into the Russian tanks. A youth in a military raincoat, two pistols in his pockets, waved the direction of Vienna with one of them, and shouted after us in the darkness, "*Danke, danke, danke fur alles.*" It was a forlorn cry that I took away from Hungary. The freedom fighters jumped out at every corner, poking barrels through the car windows, looking for escaping AVO troops. Their hands shook and they were ready to die or kill. The Russian troops guarding the marshalling yards at Komaron were out in battle array, as we raced along the bank of the Danube with the Czech border on the other side. In the morning those same Russians, who would soon be busy with slaughter, had smiled and waved at us. Not until then had I fully understood the significance of the "smile policy."

The Russians were bringing down the curtain with a bang and a massacre. I remembered that when I had first arrived at the Hungarian frontier a week before, and we had all jumped on to a Hungarian lorry which had loaded up with Austrian newspapers at Vienna, it had seemed utterly incredible that this brave, enthusiastic people had freed itself. There had to be a catch somewhere. It was the sight of the red flags burning underneath the walls of Gyor town hall that frightened me. It was the sight of the Hungarian girls carrying away the remains of massive red stars. It was the complete, spontaneous and violent destruction of the Communist regime. It did not make sense. The Russians were bound to react by massing an entire panzer army—and not for Hungary alone. We were all convinced that the tanks which were moving towards the Austrian border from the Pressburg bridge on the Czech frontier were not intended merely for Hungary. In Gyor, the first large town inside Hungary, the people had trampled on each other to snatch the western newspapers from our hands. They had yelled in a wild enthusiasm.

Now in Gyor there was black grief. There was not much time—one could feel it in the air. But we stopped to say goodbye to our new friends. I went into the house of a young doctor who was a member of the Gyor freedom committee. His family slept on mattresses on the floor, his armchairs were in an advanced state of decomposition. "The British and the French have betrayed us," he said. "To attack Egypt now was to make a dirty bargain of the Hungarian people. The panzers came in from the Ukraine, crossed the frontier after Suez." I gave him fruit and chocolate. "If the Russians attack," he said, "we shall all die." He pointed to the round, close-cropped head of his baby boy, who was eating the first and probably the last banana of his life. "We can never go back to what we were," said the doctor. "He will die, too."

And as I write, Russian tanks are attacking Gyor.

Asia

Eastern Reactions

A Student of the Asian Press writes: The Indian press, whilst unanimously condemning Anglo-French policy in Egypt was slower in reacting to Soviet policy in Hungary. On October 28 Mr. Nehru committed himself only to the extent of saying that "nationalism has raised its head there." The *National Herald* (closely connected with the Prime Minister) wrote editorially on Oct. 30: "For Britain and France, who have been threatening to invade Egypt for a lawful act of nationalisation to complain against the Soviet Union helping a government which has asked for help does not seem proper"; and many provincial Indian papers pointed to the danger of India's being dragged into an anti-Soviet front. But when Russian troops last Sunday returned to Hungary to crush the rebellion, the official mood in India changed. Mr. Nehru sent a note to Mr. Bulganin expressing "concern and distress" at recent developments.

Asian reaction to Anglo-French aggression against Egypt was nowhere more dramatically reflected than in Katmandu, where Britain was officially warned that the use of Gurkha troops would not be tolerated in any military action against Egypt. But the most violent reaction has naturally been in the two Muslim countries, Pakistan and Indonesia. Students, workers' organisations and political parties have all passed resolutions of protest, many suggesting that Pakistan should quit the Commonwealth, many offering services to Egypt. The *Pakistan Times* editorially described Britain and France as "the two doyens of the gang of imperialist bandits," stated that Pakistan's first duty was "to dissociate itself immediately from the Baghdad Pact and its Far-Eastern prototype." *Dawn* in an editorial called "Hitler Reborn" said that Britain and France had opened "a new and unbelievable chapter of perfidy and violence in the history of the human race." In Indonesia, the Foreign Minister declared that British and French aggression had nothing to do with Israel, but was only an act of strategy to solve the Suez Canal problem by use of force.

In Ceylon, in spite of municipal elections and the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, the press unanimously condemned the Anglo-French action. "Robbery with Violence," was the title of a *Times of Ceylon* editorial, which described the invasion as "the most cowardly act of naked aggression of modern times."

In Burma, where the government is still fighting an eight-year-old Communist rebellion, sympathy was at once forthcoming for the Hungarians. "It is indeed a people's war," *The Guardian* stated editorially on October 30, "and only the people can stop it. The Soviets and their stooges may put labels such as reactionaries, imperialist agents, provocateurs on the Hungarian people, but the labels do not stick any more. . . . The free peoples also have come nearer to learning the awful truth about the moral bankruptcy of the Soviets and their ultimate reliance on brute force either in dealing with their own peoples or the satellites and outside world."

The situation in Hungary was treated in the Chinese press with a certain reserve—until Soviet troops returned to crush the rebellion. Soviet statements were published but such words as "unstable," "very complicated," "chaos," "continuous grouping and regrouping of different political parties," "a state of confusion" ap-

peared in the official news agency reports. On November 5, however, the *People's Daily* editorially congratulated the Hungarian people, who, "with the assistance of the Soviet Union, have rapidly defeated the danger of a counter-revolutionary comeback."

Westminster

O What can ail thee, Knight at Arms,
Alone and palely loitering?

The Prime Minister sprawled on the front bench, head thrown back and mouth agape. His eyes, inflamed with sleeplessness, stared into vacancies beyond the roof except when they switched with meaningless intensity to the face of the clock, probed it for a few seconds, then rose again into vacancy. His hands twitched at his horn-rimmed spectacles or mopped themselves in a white handkerchief, but were never still. The face was grey except where black-ringed caverns surrounded the dying embers of his eyes. The whole personality, if not prostrated, seemed completely withdrawn.

Meanwhile, over his head, there raged an Opposition storm. Selwyn Lloyd was being cross-examined mainly about leaflets dropped on Egypt by British planes and which purported to describe Britain's war aims. He had not seen their content nor authorised their publication. Like one of those citizens who must so infuriate Dr. Gallup, he stood at the box and did not know. The Prime Minister looked as though he did not care. By now Mr. Anthony Head, a sheaf of papers in his hand, had moved along the bench to the Prime Minister's side. The Prime Minister shot another penetrating glance at the face of the clock and then reverted to the rafters, ignoring his Minister of Defence. Mr. Head nudged him, pointing down to the papers in his hand. The Prime Minister put on his spectacles, focused and became alert. Within the minute he was at the despatch box for the first time that afternoon, reading the report that Port Said was negotiating for a surrender and for a cease-fire. The Tory benches exploded behind him and the Prime Minister left the chamber all aglow. It seemed that, against the odds, he had found his faery child.

Next day was different. The surrender was not a surrender and the cease-fire was not a cease-fire. Further, there was Mr. Bulganin. The Prime Minister was nowhere to be seen. He was on the 'phone to the Americans, to the United Nations, to the French. He would make a statement at six o'clock. Meanwhile, the corridors were filled with little groups of Conservatives, arguing in whispers. In the chamber, Mr. Gaitskell, whose brilliant leadership in this crisis has been as brilliantly supported by Mr. Bevan, Mr. Griffiths and others, quietly but firmly put question after question at the empty space reserved for the Prime Minister. Mr. Butler took notes and then, with that flair of his for getting it all ways without at the same time appearing blatantly dishonest, conveyed the impression that he stood shoulder to shoulder with the Prime Minister, that as Leader of the House he was above all this party mess, and that he entirely agreed with everything Gaitskell had said. There the matter rested until six o'clock, when the Prime Minister entered the chamber, slumped on to the front bench and began his habitual exploration of the ceiling. By now it was generally believed that he would announce a cease-fire in accordance with the United Nations request. That is what he did; and once again the Conservatives, except for some half-dozen members of the Suez group who sat in flushed silence, rose from their seats and cheered; and once again the Prime Minister left the chamber all aglow with his faery child.

The Conservatives had wildly cheered what looked like the success of their Prime Minister's policy. They had also wildly cheered what looked like its certain failure. The Prime Minister looked equally gratified on both occasions. This needs some explanation. It seems that since the crisis broke, the Conservative Party in the House of Commons have been like spectators in the casino at Monte Carlo, taking no part in the play and having no say in the stakes, but just watching someone else gamble with their money. The Prime Minister seems to have taken all the decisions without more than perfunctory consultation even with his Cabinet. All who watched him knew that this was a gigantic gamble. About half believed that it would succeed and about half that it would fail; but in the mounting frenzy of anxiety there were no set groups, urging this course or that. There was only feverishness; and when on Monday it looked as though the gamble might have come off, even those who had been doubtful of its success and, when they had calm moments to think about it, were least enthusiastic about its morality, were overwhelmed with relief. When this relief proved groundless, and they could hear the mounting roar from outside of the middle-class revolt which the gamble had provoked, all except the most extreme Suez group longed for the whole thing to be called off.

But the Prime Minister's performance can only be explained in terms of delusion. Contrary to popular belief he has never been a man of strong principle. He is supposed to have been a leading opponent of Munich and appeasement. Yet, though he was Minister for League of Nations Affairs when the Hoare-Laval Pact was signed, he sat silent throughout, accepting what was the negation of a League of Nations principle. Having succeeded to the Foreign Secretaryship as a result of this silence, he held on to it, not until disagreement on a great issue forced him to resign, but until Chamberlain's interference in the Foreign Office had reduced him to the position of office boy. It was his pride rather than his principles which provoked his resignation. Since the war he has been continuously under the shadow of a great personality. Over and over again he must have overheard the invidious comparisons made between Sir Winston and himself. When at last he became Prime Minister, he determined to show the world that he, too, was a strong man. He took his chance during the past month. He has probably failed; but the overwhelming burden of taking, on his own account, decisions which have come near to breaking the Anglo-American alliance and the Commonwealth have now made him as incapable of distinguishing between success and failure as it has made him incapable of distinguishing between truth and lies.

No birds sing for him now. The sedge is truly withered. As the Conservative Party shakes his dust out of its eyes, it begins to look for a successor to him—someone who can be considered entirely uncontaminated by his insanities. Eden may be pitied; but he will not be forgiven.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Back to Anarchy

When Eden served his brutal and illegal ultimatum on President Nasser, a shocked and horrified world began desperately to count the consequences. By Wednesday of last week, when Anglo-French bombs began to rain on Egyptian territory, they were seen to be three-fold. The first consequence—which seemed to world opinion the most serious—was that Eden's action had struck a body-blow against the United Nations, and had shaken, if not irreparably damaged, the foundations of collective security and international law. The pathetic figure of Sir Pierson Dixon, fighting back his tears, and blocking successive Russian and American motions by employing a constitutional device whose use we had so often and so vehemently deplored, symbolised the dismay of all who had worked to weld the UN into an instrument of peace.

The second consequence, forecast by all those who combine a knowledge of the Middle East with a willingness to come to terms with the 20th century, was that Eden's action, even if successful in the short-term, would end by destroying Britain's remaining positions and influence in the Middle East. By removing the last lingering Arab doubts that Israel was an instrument of western imperialism, and by confirming the view that British policy, despite superficial changes, remained fundamentally aggressive and rapacious, it would break the spirit of our remaining Arab friends and unite a multi-continental race into an unbroken wall of enmity. Even those who bear heavy responsibility for our past errors were appalled. It is no secret that the two under-secretaries in charge of Middle Eastern affairs at the Foreign Office—who were not consulted about the government's action—despaired at its consequences; and this ominous fact was reinforced by the resignation of Mr. Nutting, the Minister directly responsible for our policy in the area.

Our aggression, then, was immoral; and it was folly. But was it more than that? Was it also a milestone to the ultimate catastrophe? Until last week-end, those who predicted a third consequence of Eden's act—a spreading circle of violence which might end by enveloping the whole world—were few and hesitant. They pointed out that Eden had set in motion a process he might not be able to control and whose final results he could not possibly foresee: into an inflammable area, standing at the cross-roads of the world, he had injected the incalculable spark of violence. But such prophesies were vague, and last week, with the Soviet world silent and shrouded in turmoil, they still seemed remote.

Though the fighting has ceased, the consequences of the attack on Egypt are unfolding. Britain may have been forced to draw back, but the Premier did not withdraw until successive and massive votes in the General Assembly had branded this country as an aggressor and a moral outlaw. Half-hearted compliance with a specific directive—passed by the largest majority in the history of the U.N.—came only after it had been flouted. And even Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has dropped the pretence that our act of naked force has any shred of legal clothing. In the Middle East itself, the fears and predictions of the critics are proving amply justified. The Arab world is united against us. The Canal is blocked, as General Keightly put it, "from Port Said to Suez." Our pipelines are cut. Our refineries are ablaze. The flow of Middle Eastern oil has dwindled to a trickle. The Gulf is darkened. From Casablanca to Karachi, venom and violence are spilling into the streets. And in Cairo President Nasser still survives, his regime intact, most of his army around him, and with the whole world pleading his cause.

But this, alas, is not all. Eden chose to launch

his aggression against Egypt at a moment of crisis in the Communist world. Last week-end, Russia's rulers were staging perhaps the most crucial debate ever held in the Kremlin. The avalanche set in motion by the 20th Congress, spilling over the frontiers of the Satellites, had finally swept away the Communist regime in Budapest. Hungary, bleeding but united, was lurching out of the Soviet world. Was she to be permitted to escape, or was she to be held back by force, and the entire policy of Stalin's heirs—holding out hope, as it did, for peace in our time—to be jerked into blind reverse? By Monday morning, the announcement that Moscow was convening a meeting of the Warsaw powers seemed to indicate that the forces of reason were winning. Then, on Tuesday, came Eden's fatal ultimatum, followed, on Wednesday, by his bombs. By Friday the obscurantists were once more firmly in control in Moscow. By Sunday night, Hungary was once more plunged into bitter darkness.

Must we then, in addition, lay the murder of Hungary to our charge? We do not know; but in that fateful Kremlin debate, our attack on Egypt, opening, as it did, new vistas of violence and lawlessness, may have tipped the scales. In any case, Eden had deprived us of the right to condemn Russia's brutality. We gave the example; the Russians followed it. Nor is Hungary the only victim. In Bulgaria, in East Germany, in Czechoslovakia and in Rumania, the counsellors of repression are everywhere in triumph. Only in Poland does the new mood survive—and it is a mood tempered by apprehension. The era of growing hope which followed Stalin's death seems to be drawing to a close. The Iron Curtain has descended again. The Cold War will be resumed.

So we come to the third consequence. Last week it seemed remote. But by Tuesday it overshadowed all the other horrors which Eden's war had conjured up. Russia, desperately anxious to obscure its own crimes in Hungary, threatened intervention in Egypt. America, torn brutally from its elections to the renewed realities of Cold War, countered with a further threat. How serious these menaces were—or are—we cannot say. They may only be notes of warning. But warning notes can lead to ultimatums and ultimatums can lead to war. There is a smell of July, 1914, in the air. As in those hot summer days, the powers are playing diplomatic poker, and the stakes are rising fast. On Tuesday, the Swiss Federal Council, echoing the fears of us all, sent an urgent message to the world: "The threat of a third world war hangs over humanity. Peace can and must be saved."

But how? What can the people of Britain, the innocent instruments of an act which at one point seemed to have jeopardised the future of our race, do to avert the final catastrophe? The answer is plain: they can take the lead. One key to peace lies in London. We have, through our government, committed a crime. But it is in our power to repudiate it and to remove the men responsible. The cease-fire is not enough to repair the evil. We must force the resignation of the Eden government and put in its place one which will disengage from Egypt and carry out the instructions of the United Nations. We must not hesitate about losing face: we may soon have no face to lose. Only a swift and dramatic action of such a kind can produce the psychological shock required to restore the faith of the world in law and justice, and arrest the fatal chain reaction of violence. We have led the Gadarene swine to the final brink; but we can still take the first and decisive step up the precipitous slope down which we are so swiftly plunging.

An Avalanche for Peace

TWENTY years after Franklin Roosevelt set a record by carrying every state except Maine and Vermont, President Eisenhower has come close to repeating that sweeping victory. But there is an important difference between these two successes. In 1936, Roosevelt swept back into power on the tide of the New Deal, carrying with him the most liberal Congress in its history: on Tuesday, Eisenhower received a personal and overwhelming vote of confidence, yet even his magic appeal was not strong enough to carry his party to control of Congress. Millions of Americans who revere and trust the President have given the Republican Party a pointed snub. The President may claim, in the flush of success, that "modern Republicanism" has proved itself. On the contrary, his victory proves that even modernised Republicanism appeals to a diminishing minority.

This is, of course, the result that was widely predicted. But the consequences of this split decision are harder to predict. For one thing, Mr. Eisenhower is the first president to be limited by the constitution to two terms. As his second term runs on, his control over his own party will diminish steadily. Republican diehards, such as Dirksen, Hickenlooper and Capehart, who clung grimly to the hem of the President's mantle when their senate seats were at stake, will no longer have the same compulsion to prove that they are "modern" Republicans. Once again, the President will have to count on some Democratic support for his programme and policies if he is to avoid surrender to the old guard of his party. And if, in dealing with the Democratic leaders in Congress, the President believes that he is playing from the strength of his immense prestige, he will soon discover that the Democrats, too, are playing from a strong hand. Despite the President, they have won Congress, and this victory points to Democratic success four years from now. In their tussle for supremacy over the President, the Democrats in Congress are likely to find that time is on their side and that they will increasingly be able to dictate the shape and course, not only of legislation but even of executive policy.

It is this, indeed, that makes the prospect so uncertain. For the President is much stronger on platitudes than programmes, and it is by no means clear what, in specific terms, he wants. It is one thing to promise that the prosperity of the past four years is to be maintained. But at no point in the whole campaign did the President explain how this was to be ensured. The Democrats, for their part, have come back without a national policy. An attempt to formulate one was swept away with Adlai Stevenson, and the men who have come back to Washington are there—and know that they are there because on the local level they successfully exploited regional interests and grievances—the power shortage, the dissatisfaction with farm prices, pockets of unemployment. It is such matters that will weigh most heavily with them in the new Congress, so heavily, indeed, that they are more likely to behave like a coalition of special interest lobbies than a coherent party.

On domestic matters, therefore, no pattern of future policy has emerged from this election. But there can be no doubt about the mandate that has been given the President. His re-election was inevitable, but the events of the last two weeks, and even of the last two days before the poll, turned his victory into an avalanche. In the only way open to them, the American people voted for peace.

They were not, it is true, offered a policy for peace. The President's appeal was one of good

"Aggressor!"

intentions, of a pacific and honourable state of mind. No matter that American foreign policy had collapsed under the combined strain of events and of the vacillations of Mr. Dulles. No matter that the United States was estranged from its closest allies at a moment when co-existence had given way to a renewed and potentially more dangerous cold war. The details of this crisis did not weigh with voters as they entered the polling stations. Their one concern was to endorse the President as a symbol of peace, to endow him with enough authority to stop the drift to war.

The question is whether such hopes are justified. For the President has yet to meet the test. In the past four years he has done well, but events have favoured him. His settlement of the Korean war was no miracle: the situation was ripe for it. His reputation as a peacemaker soared after the Geneva conference, but co-existence was made—and is now unmade—in Moscow. And when crises have arisen during the President's first term, his response has often been uncertain. Such criticisms, indeed, were the most justified of all the issues that Mr. Stevenson tried in turn, but they were the least effective because all seemed to be going well and because few voters follow the details of foreign policy. An American election is not a meeting at Chatham House.

Now the President cannot evade his personal responsibility. He has to be the policy-maker, as his office in fact requires. He is without the help of Mr. Dulles; he does not have a close liaison with the State Department; and he has no time to let the facts of the situation meander through the elaborate machinery which is designed to feed policy decisions into the National Security Council. The prospects for peace will be brighter if it emerges that Mr. Eisenhower in fact has some idea of what he wants and how to achieve it. Sooner than anyone could have expected, he is called upon to fill in the blank cheque which the American people gave him on Tuesday. It is not the past four years, but the next four weeks that will prove whether he has the stuff of greatness.

London Diary

Why did the government give way on Tuesday night? Obviously not because the U.N. condemned us, because the Commonwealth was splitting, the Canal blocked and Nasser still President in spite of Eden's personal pledge to overthrow him. Was it then because of the mounting opposition in the country, coming from people (like Oxford dons) who usually support the government, as well as from trade unionists, who, it was rumoured, would shortly be coming out on strike? These things undoubtedly had great effect on Tory M.P.s, who reported wide disaffection amongst their own constituents and who brought pressure to bear on Cabinet Ministers, some of whom had never liked the adventure. This was democracy at work, and it is no secret that Butler and several other Ministers were trying to persuade Eden to withdraw while there was still a chance of fudging the whole issue and cajoling people into believing that they had really done a police job on behalf of the United Nations. The Cabinet was in danger of splitting. But I believe that Eden might still have held out had it not been for the Russian threat. He saw himself branded as, in effect, the aider and abetter of the Russian invasion of Hungary and as having no cards to play if the Russians sent "volunteers" into the Middle East. What finally persuaded him to back down, I understand, was his failure, on Tuesday morning, to secure an American guarantee that they would give us full support if the "volunteers" intervened. Doubtless, in the event, America would have swung round, but without a firm promise Eden simply did not dare to risk carrying on the war.

* * *

Sympathy with Israel's case—their act of aggression was really provoked—will be rapidly dissipated if Ben Gurion goes on boasting of a glorious military victory and declaring that whatever the U.N. says no foreign troops (or presumably policemen) will be allowed to interfere in Israel's territorial gains. Ben Gurion trusts no one except Jehovah. The Israelis believe that their one hope is to persuade Egypt to make peace, that no "armistice" means anything in the Arab world and that the only time it is likely to make peace is when defeated in war. The Israelis may not be right in this; a United Nations police force will not persuade the Arab world that Israel is not an outpost of western imperialism and that it wants to become, as it must if it is to survive, a Middle-Eastern people whose technical know-how may be useful to their neighbours. But these political decisions must follow, not precede, an acceptance of the U.N.'s demand to withdraw troops. The next most useful step would be for Ben Gurion to express readiness to accept in Israel such of the Arab refugees (probably a small proportion) who desire to find their homes in Israel. He is in a good bargaining position to deal with Egypt, but, if there is to be a return to law and any hope of peace, obedience to the United Nations must come first for Israel as well as Britain.

* * *

One unintended result of the government's lawless adventure in Egypt has been to revitalise the Labour Party. I am seldom impressed by political rallies, but the significance of the Albert Hall meeting on Tuesday night was unmistakable. I don't only mean that Gaitskell received an ovation such as few party leaders can expect even after a great election victory. Far more important were the points which really stirred enthusiasm. It was an immensely dramatic occasion because most of the assembly was only informed at the meeting that Eden had just agreed to a cease-fire. It was quick to take the point that a cease-fire was not enough, that if we were to have "law, not war," the vital thing was Gaitskell's demand that British troops had to be withdrawn so that Eden could not pretend that he had been carrying out a police action and could not maintain his real objective of keeping British control over the Canal. The greatest success of all was Gaitskell's remark that the Labour movement was always arguing inside itself, but that after watching the Tories during the last weeks blindly accepting a series of contrary and obviously untrue excuses and prevarications by the Prime Minister, he felt . . . he had no chance of finishing the sentence. The audience rose as one man to express its delight that during the Suez crisis Labour dissensions had disappeared in fighting a great democratic issue. Gaitskell was not exaggerating when he said that Eden's withdrawal was one of history's greatest democratic successes. Everyone knew that the Labour leaders in the House had really acted as a team, and all the progressive elements in the country had been behind them.

* * *

People who have complained of "police brutality" after the Trafalgar Square rally on Sunday probably had no former experience of seeing mounted police pushing back an excited crowd. Nye Bevan was quite right in saying that the psychological effect is to make angry people want to pull the policeman off his horse. The fact that no one seems to have been seriously hurt suggests that the mounted police displayed their usual skill. Whether they need have intervened at all or whether they provide the best means of controlling the crowd in the circumstances, I can't judge. What interests me is what appears to be a remarkable and hitherto unnoticed example of police ingenuity. After the turmoil in Whitehall thousands of angry people swirled away at the sight of a hoisted banner and the cry of "march." As they entered the comparatively narrow channel of Charing Cross Road they became like a huge snake led by a tiny head—this head, I gather, being some authoritative but unidentified young men who took the demonstrators for a long walk. From Marble Arch they went to Dr. Soper's meeting at Kingsway. From there Dr. Soper led the diminishing and now tired demonstrators to Manette Street by Trafalgar Square. Three times the body tried to control the head. At Marble Arch it had been prevented from marching to the Palace, and at Piccadilly the police frustrated an attempt to swing sideways into the Haymarket. When, for the last time, the snake reached the now cordoned entrance to Whitehall its tail was driven on by mounted police. At Manette Street Dr. Soper made a short speech and advised everyone to go home. There was no sign at all of the efficient young men who had led them on this long, unrewarding walk, and from what I hear it seems more than likely that they were plain-clothes policemen.

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One of the meanest government actions during the crisis was the attempt to prevent Gaitskell from replying to Eden's broadcast. Eden, through the government Chief Whip, argued that the broadcast was ministerial and non-controversial, intended only to inform the country and therefore needed no reply under the terms of the aide-memoire of 1947 which governs these things. Gaitskell persisted that no justification of British intervention in Egypt, which was opposed by half the population of this country, could possibly be non-controversial. The B.B.C. decided in favour of Gaitskell. So much is public news. I can add that so far from quietly leaving the decision to the B.B.C., the government brought every pressure it could to prevent Gaitskell replying, even at the last moment inducing the Chairman of the Board of Governors to intervene with the B.B.C. executives on the government's behalf. Gaitskell's case was unanswerable and the B.B.C. took the proper, indeed, the only defensible decision. One result is that the Premier has now made some normally conservative-minded officials of the Corporation disgustedly anti-government.

* * *

A. P. Wadsworth, I learnt last week in Manchester, was sufficiently well on the day of his official retirement to be able to read the many agreeable things said about him in the press. He knew he had succeeded; he had done his life's job finely and lived to read the tributes of his friends. No one could ask for a better farewell from the world. His was not a friendship that I shall ever forget. He was wonderfully good to me when I went to the *Manchester Guardian* nearly thirty years ago, a raw journalist with none of the discipline or experience needed for work on the *M.G.* in that singularly difficult epoch when C. P. Scott was too old to edit, too formidable to be overridden or too tenacious to retire. Wadsworth was then still consciously the Rochdale boy who had made good. He was established as a star reporter who had done a grand job in Ireland during the troubles there, and who had become the best labour corres-

pondent in the country. He only occasionally wrote leaders. His desk was apparently in utter confusion, piled high with papers and documents about the trade union and industrial world. Ask him a question and he immediately dived into this apparently impenetrable morass and produced just the statistics one wanted. I often used to take him home in my ancient car through the mud and drizzle of Manchester nights; he would lead me into his study in which books were piled from floor to ceiling, discourse for a few minutes on some point of economic history, and then settle down somewhere about midnight to his research into the history of the cotton industry. He had been inspired to become a historian when he was R. H. Tawney's pupil in the most famous of all W.E.A. courses. Someone has accurately said that he was the W.E.A.'s most remarkable graduate. He had a dry, sardonic humour all his own. He brought to a fine art the technique of making, absolutely poker-faced ironic comment; it was wise to look twice for the twinkle in his eye to make sure whether or not he was pulling your leg. He had a deep understanding of the trade union movement, instinctively opposed all governments and distrusted all Tories. He remained all his life a radical, and never became a Socialist. He was a deeply reserved man who seldom gave himself away. Probably the most remarkable fact of his editorship was that he maintained to the full, especially in his last period, the *Manchester Guardian's* immense international reputation in world affairs though his own interests throughout most of his life were almost exclusively industrial and economic. He died when the *Guardian's* reputation was at its highest.

* * *

A correspondent sends me a 30-page *Extraordinary Gazette*, published for the South African government. It contains a "revised" list of publications which the Ministry of the Interior declares to be "indecent, objectionable or obscene in terms of the relative Customs Acts, during the period 18th September, 1939, to 3rd February, 1956." My correspondent suggests that the list will astonish me. It would have done if Hitler, the Catholic Church and the Communists had not accustomed us to similar intolerance. There are 28 pages of banned books printed in small type on foolscap paper. Many of the works are, of course, about Communism or Communist countries; a modern edition of the Communist Manifesto is among them. A large part of the hundreds of items are just modern novels, good, bad and indifferent, such as people here pick up in their circulating libraries. A quick glance, however, reveals that a book on the Indian Five-year Plan is banned; so is Damon Runyon and novels by Edgar Lustgarten, Robert Payne and Howard Spring. Since there might be literate Africans who would like to read a magnificent book by a Negro, Richard Wright's *Native Son* is banned. So too are many books, serious as well as flippant, whose "obscenity" consists in dealing with the problems of sex. There is something very odd in seeing side by side listed as "indecent, objectionable or obscene" *One Night in Paris* and *One Step Forward, Two Steps Backward*, by V. I. Lenin. But, if you are determined to establish a slave state, it is safer for the slaves to read nothing.

* * *

Russia has, I think, finally destroyed the illusions of all but a handful of its fanatical partisans. The *Daily Worker* still runs nauseous headlines about the suppression of Hungarian Fascists. But its correspondence columns carry letters from disillusioned Communists who have remembered that Communism once had something to do with democracy and liberty. Amongst the numerous bodies sending protests to Russia, I notice a telegram from the Authors' World Peace Appeal to the Union of Soviet Writers, appealing "most earnestly" to them to "stop your government crushing the people of Hungary." And the signatures included well-known British Communists.

CRITIC

Down, Sir!

(OR THE DOGS' HANSARD)

"If you cannot get the two dogs apart it may be necessary to shoot one if you want to stop the fighting."—Major Legge-Bourke, M.P. (Conservative), in the House of Commons.

In Africa a dog there was,
As many dogs there be;
He liked his Kennel, just because
That kind of dog was he.

The other puppies used the place
And he did not object,
Provided that they saved his face
By showing him respect.

This dog one day put up a sign
With lack of canine tact;
He wrote on it "THIS JOINT IS MINE"—
And so it was, in fact.

The other hounds, he said, *save one*,
Could use the Kennel still;
They growled and said this wasn't done—
Or done exceeding ill.

The dog excluded felt aggrieved—
He did not bark, but vowed
He'd take a bite (for he believed
One bite the Law allowed).

Two larger mongrels saw the fight;
They said: "We think it bad
So small a pup should have a bite—
That bitten dog is mad!

"Too late for whelps to talk of laws—
This carnage must increase:
With justice dripping from their jaws
Let loose the Dogs of Peace!

"No Canine Nurembergs exist
For tikes who kill a pup
And, though all Dogdom should resist,
We'll break that Kennel up."

A Daniel Dog was heard to state
He'd shoot such rabid curs—
What? Is he going to liquidate
Right Honourable Sirs?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

All U.N.O. can do is to pass resolutions. When these are directed at Britain they have no moral force and should be treated with contempt.—Editorial in *Daily Express*. (J. Brannan.)

There were many champions of the government's action. Captain Charles Waterhouse was one. He reminded the meeting that at the time of the South African war the country was divided.—*Evening Standard*. (D. Higbee.)

"Instead of dealing with newspaper inquiries about coal the press officers were spending most of their time telling typists, secretaries, and N.C.B. officers that there was no news from Suez. There was only one thing to do. A blackboard was set up outside the lift, and the latest teleprinted reports from the news agencies were pinned to it. "Normally we only do this for Test match scores and details about train services cancelled by fog," an official said.—*Manchester Guardian*. (J. C. Hunt.)

Thoughts on Dr. Leavis

IT seems that Dr. Leavis gave a lecture at Nottingham University on "Literature In My Time" and declared that apart from D. H. Lawrence there has been no literature in his time. He knocked hell out of everybody, and no doubt had all the Lucky Jims rolling down the aisles. Like Groucho Marx on another academic occasion, whatever it was he was against it. Virginia Woolf was a "slender talent"; Lytton Strachey "irresponsible and unscrupulous"; W. H. Auden "the type career" fixed at "the undergraduate stage"; Spender "no talent whatsoever"; Day Lewis "Book Society author"; the whole age "dismal," the outlook "very poor." By the time Dr. Leavis caught his train back to Cambridge, there was hardly anything left to read in Nottingham. I have not the pleasure of the doctor's acquaintance—he was up at Cambridge just after me—but I have a vague but impressive vision of him, pale and glittering-eyed, shining with integrity, marching out of Downing to close whole departments of libraries, to snatch books out of people's hands, to proclaim the bitter truth that nobody writes anything worth reading. There is Lawrence; there is Leavis on Lawrence; perhaps a disciple, Jones, is writing something—let us say, Jones on Leavis on Lawrence; after that, nothing.

Years ago, just after he was appointed Chief Controller of Literary Passports, Dr. Leavis announced one morning—playing for a laugh, for the boys and girls love this sort of thing—that no time need be wasted on Priestley. He was quite right too. Suppose a man said to me: "My boy's up at Cambridge doing English. It's a bit of a struggle for us to keep him there—that's why I've stopped smoking—so I don't want him to waste a minute of his time. Now, honestly, old man, do you think he ought to read your stuff?" I would reply without hesitation: "No, old man, he oughtn't. Leavis is quite right. If your boy's committed to *Eng. Lit.*, and at such a sacrifice too, he must be careful what he reads. But as we're being honest, old man, I must add one thing. For my part I wouldn't swap a pound of tobacco for all the *Eng. Lit.* courses in the country. If it's not too late, take your boy out of that mournful little racket, let him learn something while he has a chance."

It was about this time that Dr. Leavis, with one quick turn of the wrist, dropped most of the 18th century into the ashcan. No time need be wasted reading Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, Smollett. This seemed to some of us dabblers in letters to be rather severe. Sometimes I have wistfully tried to imagine a scene in Bow Street, with Dr. Leavis appearing before that formidable (though wise and compassionate) magistrate, Henry Fielding. For all his courage—and we must grant him that—Dr. Leavis, I suspect, would not cut a very impressive figure in the presence of Fielding. And with all due respect to this critic's integrity, and without any malice whatever, I cannot help feeling that whatever happened to him would serve him right. I am as vain, touchy and aggressive as the next man—in fact, it is ten to one I am vainer, touchier and more aggressive—but when I am considering a great personality and a massive original talent (probably the most precious thing in the world) I feel a little humility is not out of place. A Fielding may not be all he was once thought to be (I think he is, but that is not the argument), nevertheless he is still a whale of a fellow compared with anybody lecturing on literature at Cambridge. Literature is not well served when

its giants are mutilated and slaughtered to fit a critical theory, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow. Nor are the intellectual manners of the young improved by the spectacle, offered them at an impressionable time, of such arrogant antics.

There could be, no doubt, a standard of literary values so high, so icily severe, that in its sight a Virginia Woolf would possess nothing but a slender talent. But from this height a Dr. Leavis would not exist at all. His loudest screams could never be heard. His claim to write even one sentence worth reading could not be accepted. This is where the arrogantly dogmatic, absolutist critic, behaving more like the Grand Inquisitor or Calvin than a sensible man of letters, walks into a trap. For if our time is so precious that we should not waste it reading a hundred reputable authors, from Fielding to Day Lewis, then why should we waste any time reading or listening to Dr. Leavis? This question may not occur to undergraduates, who are impressed by fierce dogmatism, because they are themselves inclined towards intolerance, sweeping generalisations, knock-you-down judgments, hell-for-leather criticism, and sit up half the night opening bottles of beer and roaring this stuff at one another. So when Dr. Leavis tells his audiences that Mr. Auden has never advanced beyond the undergraduate stage, he should be careful, for his own success with undergraduates might be explained by the fact that his critical methods and temper have much in common with those of the average second-year man. It is the critic who is not conducting a permanent quarrel with everybody, who has sensible relative values, who does not divide writing into literature and rubbish, who knows that authors worth reading have many different virtues, who cannot have an easy success with undergraduates, just because he does not behave as they like to do, because he asks them to make an effort and civilise themselves.

The truth is that Dr. Leavis, though possibly an excellent teacher, is not really a literary critic at all. He is a sort of Calvinist theologian of contemporary culture. To be an author, in his view, is to invite damnation, for only a few—D. H. Lawrence, himself and a favourite pupil or two—will be saved. The rest of us are not just a lot of chaps trying to get by, doing no particular harm to anybody, writing as well as we know how, but a gang of impudent or sinister charlatans, probably sitting up at night plotting against him. The very title of his critical journal, *Scrutiny*, suggests that in it authors will have to undergo some kind of customs and passport examination, that the editor and his contributors will be there with narrowed gaze, tight lips, service revolvers. *Scrutiny* may have vanished but Dr. Leavis and his disciples are still on the job scrutinising, refusing bribes, closing the frontier to all the scribbling riffraff. Even when he produces an enthusiastic study of Lawrence, which contains some admirable chapters, he forfeits our sympathy by behaving as if he were conducting a scholarship examination for a single place, as if the writing of fiction were entirely competitive, as if you cannot pass Lawrence without failing Arnold Bennett or Mr. Forster. He makes one feel that he hates books and authors, that his astonishing severity does not come from exceptional fastidiousness but is the result of some strange neurosis, as if he had been frightened by a librarian in early childhood. His solemnity is not the usual donnish conceit, from which he is free, but suggests the neurotic theologian. He is an unusual man, with genuine gifts, hard and passionately at work on the wrong job.

For the last 25 years, both here and in America, especially in the universities, bad criticism has been driving out good criticism. It is always absolutist, never relative. Either something is literature, we are told, or it isn't. There are no innumerable fine shades between very great writing, at one end of the scale, and silly nonsense at the other. Everything is all or nothing. There is only one kind of excellence, one set of literary virtues. If Smith is in, then Brown is out. Whatever it cannot praise with solemn rapture, this criticism instantly and intolerantly abuses. It exists in an atmosphere that has the sour smell of fanaticism. Nobody is having any fun there, except the torturers in the basement. The bad critic has no sense of proportion about books and authors, and not much more about himself. He has an air of immense hauteur, is elaborately condescending and disdainful, and his favourite weapon is the mysterious sneer. (Of which "Book Society author" is typical. What has been said here worth saying? Nothing.) He insults and patronises men and women who may not be original geniuses but at least have learnt how to write, which is more than most of these critics have done. He never seems to be addressing ordinary sensible readers, men and women of the world, as the great critics always did, but only an elect few, a shadowy élite, for whom alone Literature exists.

So although I enjoy my vision of little Doc. Leavis slugging away, with the lecture hall a red ruin of literary reputations, truth compels me to add that I think he and his kind, in universities both here and in America (where the doctor has considerable influence), have done much mischief to the art they are boarded and lodged to serve. They catch the young, whose natural intolerance they do nothing to correct, at an impressionable age, and either turn them into equally bad critics or make them feel they want nothing more to do with literature. At a time when honest good writing is fighting for its life, with all the odds mounting up against it, they and their disciples are doing little to help and much to hinder. They are not bringing life to letters, letters to life. They are overlooking the important fact that in the world outside universities reading is not a compulsory activity. They are not sending into it young men and women with sound tastes and reasonable judgment, capable of writing a good book or two and of appreciating all that is worth enjoying. A man who tells a crowd of youngsters that literature in his time consists of D. H. Lawrence and nothing else but slender talents and trashy mountebanks may give the boys and girls an uproariously good evening, flattering the raw destructive element in the young; but he is not behaving like a genuine critic of literature, like a sensible teacher, like a man with any real concern for the culture of his time. The outlook may be "very poor"; I suspect that it is; but the firework displays of neurotic egoism will not light us very far on the way. Come, come; you have excellent qualities—and they have been widely acknowledged, even by those of us to whom you allow nothing—so do not misuse them, Dr. Leavis.

DR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

Research and the Sea Fisheries

BRITISH fishes have been the subject of systematic study since the time of Francis Willughby, patron of John Ray, in the 17th century. He was followed by Thomas Pennant, well known for his tours and as the correspondent of Gilbert White, and then by three outstanding naturalists of the last century, William Yarrell, Jonathan Couch and Francis Day. All were amateurs, the two first being country gentlemen, the third a newspaper agent and the two last medical men. They studied species and knew something about the habits of freshwater fishes but little or nothing about those of fish that came from the deep or mid waters of the open sea. It was one of the first of professional naturalists, Frank Buckland, who was inspector of salmon fisheries and a member of government fishery commissions as well as a most popular writer in natural history, who first saw the need for fishery research.

This was about 1880 when fishing had become a major industry following the rapid growth of cities and the development of railways which could bring fish quickly from the ports. Although drift netting for herring and salting of the catch had been carried on for centuries, the exploitation of the bottom living fishes on the rich grounds of the North Sea dates from the early part of the nineteenth century when the first trawlers came into these waters from Brixham and elsewhere along the south coast. The open boats first used were replaced by two-masted smacks and these sailing trawlers displaced in turn by steam vessels. About the end of the century the cumbersome beam trawl gave place to the far wider otter trawl, itself modified a generation later to form the devastatingly efficient Vigneron Dahl trawl. Today the area of fishing has extended to the Barents Sea and around Spitzbergen, to the shores of Greenland and Iceland and along the edge of the continental shelf as far south as Morocco.

During the centuries, fishing had become encumbered with all manner of restrictive acts of parliament, few if any based on sound knowledge of fish. All were swept away after 1866 following the report of a Royal Commission on which T. H. Huxley was a leading member and which found an expanding industry and no lack of fish. It was a good riddance, clearing the ground for control—if ever necessary—based on knowledge. But the general view then and during the two succeeding generations was that it was impossible seriously to deplete such vast populations; the more fish were caught the more food remained for the survivors and the quicker these grew.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that fishery research developed slowly. It came first in Scotland with the activities, beginning in 1882, of the Fishery Board based on Aberdeen. In England research began under the auspices of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth and at Lowestoft and not until 1908 did the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries take over direct responsibility for fishery research at Lowestoft.

Meanwhile, in 1902, following a meeting in Sweden, there had come into being the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea. This soon settled down to the important task of co-ordinating the fisheries and associated hydrographic investigations of the participating countries of western Europe. With headquarters at Copenhagen, this body has survived two world wars and no similar organisation can claim a finer record of disinterested service. Scotland and England are separately represented on the Council and their research activities, centred at Aberdeen and Lowestoft, remain distinct. There is much to be said for this; although in absolute value Scottish fisheries are less than English, relative to the economy of the country they are far more important. Moreover, since 1919 the Development Commission has provided money and a measure of co-ordinating advice to these

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laboratories as well as to the independent institutions engaged in fundamental marine research, notably at Plymouth and at Millport in the Firth of Clyde. Today these four laboratories are amongst the most important of their kind in the world.

The difficulties facing those who engage in fishery research are indeed great. The medium is three-dimensional with the subject of investigation invisible until brought to the surface by some means of sampling which, if it is to be of real value, should be quantitative. Moreover, populations constantly vary. What is a good year for herring may, for instance, prove a bad year for haddock. Reasons for these fluctuations are various and far from fully understood but probably all go back to variations in the direction and force of currents or of surface drifts, the one influenced by changes in the North Atlantic Drift which is the continuation of the Gulf Stream and the other by the prevailing winds.

Certain fish, such as cod, haddock and plaice, live on the bottom, they are the demersal or "white" fish; others, notably herring, pilchard and mackerel, live in mid or surface waters. These are the pelagic fish. The former are relatively stable, moving little except around the spawning season, and are caught largely by trawl or long line. The latter are constantly on the move; they are caught in drift nets, seines or ring nets. It is much more difficult to assess their numbers and trace their movements during the year.

But basically, just as on land, the yield in terms of human food depends on the quantities of nutrients, especially of nitrates and phosphates, present in the water. On land what dies, be it plant or animal, rots by bacterial action so returning these nutrients to the soil where they are again available for plants. In the sea this happens largely on the bottom but the plants live, as they must, in the illuminated surface waters. So production depends on movement of deep water to the surface which in summer, when there is often a discontinuity between warm surface and cold deep waters, may be prevented. The plants of this surface plankton are microscopic. First come the diatoms in delicate cases of silica, later in the season the smaller, more diversely shaped flagellates and with them innumerable forms of the most extreme minuteness. On them prey the small and most varied animals of the plankton. Both represent food for fish; the pelagic fishes feed directly on plankton, the demersal fishes on bottom living worms, crustaceans and molluscs which have been nourished on plankton carried down from above. Where there is greatest mixing of waters, as on the Dogger Bank, bottom animals and the fish that prey upon them are most abundant.

To assess the size of populations and determine the effect of fishing upon them it must be known where spawning occurs and the area occupied by each major population. The observer may note the condition of the parent fish and the later concentration in surface waters (except for the herring) of the eggs and then the widening distribution of the newly hatched fishes. Knowledge of growth is no less important and is to be found by marking or by estimations of age involving study of growth marks on scales or ear ossicles.

Stocks of edible fish receive constant additions by the results of spawning but they are being depleted by the effects both of natural mortality and of fishing by the vessels of many nations. Spawning, development and growth are biological problems but the assessment of stocks and the effect on these of fishing demands adequate methods of sampling and the statistical analysis of data which include the records of landings at the fishing ports. Conditions are now far different from what they were when Huxley recommended unrestricted fishing. The North Sea shows all the signs of over-fishing. At the end of the close seasons imposed by two world wars stocks had increased enormously both in density and in size of individual fish, only to be reduced to pre-war levels after a few years of unrestricted fishing. The first steps towards conservation came in 1954 with the coming into effect of the International Fisheries Convention with its agreement on the use of wider meshed nets for trawls and seines.

Much more could be said of the difficulties of studying ever-changing populations in an obscure medium. This would but further emphasize the notable achievement in research recorded in the recently published *Sea Fisheries—Their Investigation in the United Kingdom* (Arnold; £5 5s.), edited by Michael Graham, Director of Fishery Research at Lowestoft and representing collaboration between members of his staff and of the corresponding laboratory at Aberdeen. In this impressive book fisheries research emerges as a science in its own right with its own approach and methods. This comes after some half-century of initially very tentative inquiry and representing the work of only a few dozen investigators, that number perhaps trebled when the fisheries scientists of other European countries are added. It is indeed true that "for immediate improvement of the fisheries, science has provided more than enough information" and that "the field is open for many advances in knowledge and understanding of fisheries."

C. M. YONGE

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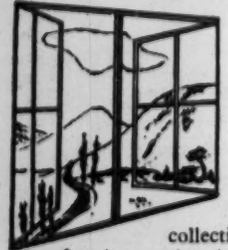

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WINDOWS ON THE WORLD

Fleet Street Notebook

THE cease-fire announcement on Tuesday evening brought of course general support in Wednesday's papers. But support in very varying terms from different papers. The small—and it is a very small—group which have eagerly supported the Prime Minister throughout his Suez policy were clearly worried. The *Telegraph* was concerned that having got "our foot in the door" we should not give way to pressure "by friends as well as enemies" to withdraw it. The *Express* clamoured that the one mistake made was to agree to hand things over to the United Nations and demanded that British forces should remain to defend British interests. To the *Sketch* this was Eden's "finest hour." "There will," it said, "be great pressure on Eden to pull our forces out. But we must (repeat MUST) stay."

The Times, which had been notably balanced and reserved in its comments throughout the week in comparison with its attitude in the earlier Suez crisis, remained doubtful and critical. While welcoming, of course, the cease-fire it added that it was difficult to draw up a balance sheet, asked "was the whole venture, in its timing and conception, ill advised and far too risky from the beginning" and added "very many, not simply among the Labour ranks, had their doubts about it." It added that although on the government's side it could now be said that the United Nations had been stirred into action, on the other side the cost had been very great. "The landing on the Canal," it said, "had added to the bitterness and suspicion of critics everywhere."

The *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*, along with the *Mirror* and the *Herald*, have led the attack on the government. While applauding the cease-fire they remained deeply critical of Eden. Only the *Daily Mail* was, for the day at least, completely won over. Previously it had been surprisingly outspoken in voicing the anxieties of the government's critics.

The *Telegraph*, the *Express* and the *Sketch* found throughout no flaw in Sir Anthony, although the *Telegraph* did on Tuesday permit itself the admission that "there has undoubtedly been uneasiness about what may sincerely be felt to be an affront to the United Nations." Lacking pre-vision it could not know that later that same day Sir Anthony would be belatedly brought to accept a United Nations' force as a practical immediate step. It therefore took up a good deal of leader space on the Tuesday to explain why the United Nations was incapable of doing the task it was created to do and that the problems in the way of a U.N. contingent to keep the peace were so difficult as to make any quick solution in that direction out of the question.

The *Telegraph* may have been slightly concerned that the government was affronting the U.N. The *Express* gloried in it. Its major cause for admiration of Eden all through the crisis has indeed been that he was doing just that. On Tuesday, in fact, it was declaring with all the emphasis at its command that "the whole of the Canal Zone must be brought under British and French troops." It then appealed to the British and French Governments to stand firm against any United Nations intervention. "A U.N.O. force would," it said, "provide no safety at all for British Imperial interests."

Although it must have been pleasing to Sir Anthony to find the *Daily Telegraph* unshakeably on his side, with earlier quarrels forgotten, even he can hardly have felt that the *Express* and the

Sketch added much to the weight of his support as against most of the rest of the press. *The Times*, of course, gave him occasional comfort. But although it did what it could to defend him against what it was pleased to regard as "hysterical, noisy and tendentious utterances" it did not hesitate on Monday to say that criticism of the government's course of action was real on three counts; that of morality, that of expediency and that of statesmanship: "the unbalance between what stands to be gained at the cost of splitting the western world." The *Daily Mail*, which might have been expected from many of its past policies to be to the right even of Eden, with the Suez group as its heroes, has been notably critical and troubled all through. It did not hesitate to point out that Russia had used exactly the same defence for its "police-action" attack in Hungary as Sir Anthony Eden had put forward for his invasion of Egypt.

Criticism from the *Herald* and the *Mirror* Sir Anthony would naturally expect but even he, one imagines, can hardly help but have been given some pause by the force and consistency of the opposition of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle*, both of which repeatedly made clear their conviction that his resignation had become one of the chief essentials of a restoration of Britain's international position. So, too, did the *Observer* on Sunday. On Monday the *Guardian* not only stated this in the most formidable terms and urged readers to write or wire their M.P. demanding it, but it provided them with a full constituency list to facilitate the sending of protests. Add to this the fact that all the main weekly reviews, the *Economist* and the *Spectator*, as well as this journal, were against Eden and it becomes clear how small his support has been.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

A Lyrical Concerto

THE dominant impression made on the listener by Michael Tippett's new Piano Concerto is one of almost bewildering profusion. It is as though we were lying in the depths of some vast orchard, in summer, the clouds racing overhead, every leaf quivering, the light dappling and flickering into patterns that are constantly changing yet always essentially the same, the grass thick, warm, tufted and alive. The whole world seems on the stir. But the orchard extends for leagues on every side of us, and the trees are very much alike. The lyrical rapture that fills the long first movement of the Concerto is at some moments intoxicating, at others confusing. The design of the movement, a fairly regular sonata form, can be made out quite easily; but at almost any point in its course a luxuriant growth of piano and woodwind figuration is liable to burst into flower and obscure the details of the picture: both horizontally, because similar treatment makes the different themes seem alike; and vertically too, because at any given moment there is so much going on. If the pianist plays his perpetual clusters and arpeggios loudly, he will bury the thematic exchanges of the wind; if softly, his role becomes for pages on end mere "concertante."

How far is this apparent trouble the fault of the composer, how far that of the performers, and how far that of ourselves as imperfect recipients? Only time and repetition will show. But I think it is undeniable that Tippett has posed an orchestral problem somewhat beyond the powers of his first performers. The work, one of three commissioned by the John Feeney Trust, was played, first in Birmingham and then in the Festival Hall, by the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz, with Louis Kentner as soloist. Kentner, who took over a task not very gracefully abandoned by Julius Katchen, discharged it in what seemed an exemplary style. At the London concert he took the precaution of having the music placed in front of him, but he had in fact performed the considerable feat of memorising it, as he showed at the morning rehearsal; and in the endless proliferation of ornament and melody he seemed never to put a finger wrong. The orchestra, on the other hand, got through its part with some difficulty. The writing, especially that for brass and woodwind, demands virtuoso players and would repay the sort of precise, rhythmically alert treatment which it might receive from such an orchestra as the Philadelphia. Phrases which were meant to stand apart, or to glitter with a keen radiance, tended to smudge together like an ice which has begun to melt before it reaches the table. The conductor did his loyal best by a difficult score; but his failure to establish the zest and buoyancy of the rhythms contributed towards the recurrent impression of monotony.

The second movement, a strange design without any use of recapitulated material, is the most difficult for the listener. It opens with a section which does indeed seem a miscalculation on the composer's part. What he himself describes as "an incredibly slow canon for flute and clarinet" turns out to be virtually inaudible against quite loud piano cascades and some further activity in the string basses. When, in the second section, two horns take over the imitative writing at an increased speed, the result becomes clear and sounds romantically beautiful; still more striking is the third and last section of the movement, a kind of dialogue between strings and soloist which may have been suggested by the famous dialogue

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in the slow movement of Beethoven's G major Concerto (which was the acknowledged inspiration of the new work). The strings, in close harmony, soar aloft with many octave leaps, as though urging the soloist to some great activity; but the soloist refuses to be drawn, and in the end is left in quiet possession of the field. The last movement, a rondo, is the simplest and most effective: a joyous abandonment to lyrical fantasy, written for both soloist and orchestra with great skill, and entirely free from the congestion which threatens the earlier movements.

As a whole, the Concerto is an extraordinary achievement, without any close parallel except the music of the Ritual Dances in Tippett's immediately preceding opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*. From time to time we are reminded by the profusion of ornament, by the building up of the harmony in steps of fourths, and by the use of repetitive, obsessional chord-clusters, of the music of Scriabin, Szymanowski or Messiaen. The spiritual element common to all these composers and to Tippett is a kind of mysticism. The great difference is that the others are all voluptuous, urban, indoor musicians, whereas Tippett is entirely a countryman. Wild thyme, not incense, permeates his music. The confessed inspiration of the present work was the lyrical side of Beethoven; its confessed aim to eschew rhetorical and percussive writing, and to restore poetry to the piano concerto. That aim he has in a large measure achieved; the work is from end to end saturated with poetic feeling. It is also, I feel, at moments clumsy; and it is a weakness that so much of the lyrical and cantabile writing for the soloist should lie so high on the keyboard where the tone is shallow and tinkling. But there is no mistaking the delicacy of the sound-patterns made from this material, or the purity of the long, unfolding lines of melody which intertwine at every layer in the score. If there is some monotony in the work, there is also a rare melodic flexibility, many touches of magic, an unruffled inner serenity of mood. It is impossible to forget the beauty of that first melody, singing quietly to itself for the sheer love of song.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Tart of Gold

MR. GEORGE DEVINE is surely carrying out his obligations to the audience he has created at the Royal Court Theatre in attempting the first professional full-scale production of a Brecht play in English. The difficulties are formidable. His stage is not big enough; nor are his resources. The comparatively small number of actors he can afford are not, naturally, trained in the kind of acting Brecht requires. But the attempt was well worth making and, even if the difficulties are not overcome in his production of *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, the effort is a courageous one and deficiences are more than compensated for by the pleasure of watching Dame Peggy Ashcroft tackling the large main part in this play. It is also most imaginatively staged.

The little fable on which the three-hour play is strung is very simple (and none the worse for that). It sets out to illustrate the proposition that it is impossible in this wicked world to be good both to others and to oneself. The prostitute, Shen Te, is set up by the gods in a little tobacco shop as a reward for having alone in Setzuan offered them shelter. Like so many fictional tarts, she has a heart of gold, and her neighbours proceed to take advantage of it. They force themselves on her hospitality and eat her out of house and home, until she is forced to invent a tough male cousin (herself in disguise) to drive them out. As herself, she falls in love with an unemployed pilot and promises to find him the large bribe necessary to purchase him a job. As her male cousin, she finds out that the pilot is only using her for his own ends. Thus, as a good woman, she is betrayed and exploited; but as a tough ruthless male she flourishes like a green bay tree: she sets up a tobacco factory, installs the wicked pilot as slave-driver in chief and by grinding down the poor makes a fortune. Wickedness is always rewarded and goodness is always trampled on—it is a complaint as old as Job's.

Brecht tells the story in his usual series of scenes and songs, some brilliant, as many childish. The first act is the worst. It is often of an astonishing banality and of a crushing tediousness, relieved only by the delight of seeing Dame Peggy transform herself from the good-hearted whore into the shoulder-rolling spiv; and there is a scene of great charm and pathos, where she finds the unemployed pilot about to hang himself and thereupon diverts him with the charmingly told Story of the Cranes.

This act is worth enduring though, for the next two, in which the scenes are handled at greater length and with a good deal more substance. It is easy to imagine that the wedding party and the scene in the tobacco sweat-shop would achieve a powerful effect done in the raw German manner (to which this company could only approximate). In the last act the spiv cousin is put on trial, the wandering gods turn up as her judges, and some mild irony is extracted from the respectable and the rich speaking up for the exploiter, and from the departure aloft of the gods who can only offer Shen Te the consolation that goodness is its own reward —a consolation which will seem barren to those who make no religious assumptions.

A playwright is not called upon to provide or expound a social philosophy and it is a mistake to treat Brecht, whether for attack or defence, as if that was what he was doing. The generalisation that it is the poor who are good and the rich who are wicked is at the least arguable; but that, evidently ("when I was unjust I hobnobbed with the mighty"), is one of the undisputed moral assumptions on which Brecht leans in this and other plays. It is at least evidence of a generosity of heart even if some may think it the kind of sloppy generosity which will in the long run cause more misery than it explains. But this is again to argue, whereas a poet's aim is to make us feel. A false or a naive or even a wicked assumption can produce great poetry, and what is really in question is whether Brecht used his assumptions to produce feelings which arise validly from his creation itself, or whether he is simply assuming certain feelings in his audience and playing on them. And the answer is (tiresome though that may be) both.

He is plainly a poet-playwright of stature, but he combines this with being an ideologue, who wishes his theatre to expose the world to his audiences. And this double role explains the otherwise inexplicable fact that the same man can invent brilliantly vivid scenes and can allow them to co-exist side by side with the feeblest inventions. Just as you are enjoying him as a poet-playwright, you are brought up short by the ideologue appealing to assumptions which may or may not be there. Brecht chose to write for a particular audience which is not the comfortably fed English audience; and though we may feel the strength of the play in the brilliant scenes and in the general conception, those of us who are lucky enough not to be East German workers will be bored and irritated by the naive way in which we are expected to react. I am not, by the way, restating the doctrine of art for art's sake. If Brecht had been poet-playwright all the time, he would have been able to make us feel what he wanted us to feel about the situation he invented, whoever we might be, and whatever our assumptions.

Mr. Devine's production went straight out for the Brechtian manner, and the inevitable inexperience in this manner inevitably produced a certain stodginess and heaviness. Mr. Peter Woodthorpe, the water-carrier and narrator, gave a clever performance, but too whiny and grouchy for an English audience. Mr. Devine himself, in a delightful comic study, provided just the right detached irony for his prosperous Barber; the three gods might take a hint from him at the

beginning, and make their position clearer from the start. So, too, I think it is cheating to let us take the airman's suicide seriously at his first appearance, when plainly he was not that type at all: but Mr. Peter Wyngarde managed both his romantic and his selfish side with tact and discretion. Dame Peggy Ashcroft brought all her persuasiveness and resource to her double role and I can think of no one who could have come nearer to bringing it off: her acting was always a delight to watch. Several of my colleagues, I notice, have complained that she was not convincing as a tart, that she was too Kensington. That is not the actress's fault but the writer's. It is only in Kensington (or whatever equivalent of that quarter Bretch sprang from) that tarts are still thought to have hearts of gold.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Iron Curtain Rises on Chekhov

IT is an odd thing about the cinema, by nature the most engaged and contemporary of the arts, that it should so often, if at moments gloriously, be miles from the reality we live in. One of those bright, remote moments undoubtedly comes our way with Sergei Samsonov's *The Grasshopper*. Here are we in the big world appalled—whatever may be our feelings about our own aggressiveness—by the resurgence of Stalinism against Hungary; but step into the Everyman, and our hatreds and fears dissolve into Chekhov. True, *The Grasshopper* was made as part of the recent centenary celebrations; but it is no cultural stone. One couldn't wish for a more exact or vital understanding of Chekhov, and not only of Chekhov but of a world one might have supposed quite vanished from Russia. And this from a young Soviet director whose first film it is and whose talent will obviously carry far.

It is by no means the first time Soviet films have brought us Chekhov, but in the past anti-bourgeois feeling has made Chekhov seem more like Gogol or Ostrovsky. To find him pure, loved—one might say—for his own sake, is a more than pleasant surprise: we must wonder again about the people for whom this (imagine such a film launching a career here!) and Hungary are possible. *The Grasshopper* is one of those late Chekhov stories in which the feminine capacity to daydream wilfully through a life-time is brought to the brink of tragedy. Olga Ivanovna has impulsiveness and charm; she has enslaved a "good, honest doctor" for a husband, while her folly drives her into the life artistic and a restless hankering after the famous. She paints, sings. Musicians and artists worship her—men, of course, never a woman, for whom she has no use except as actress or dressmaker. Night after night this enchanted company fills her drawing-room; and at a certain point in the evening the door will open and a quiet, smiling man appear out of nowhere saying "Come to supper, my friends." Of course she loves him; he has such a forehead, such simplicity.

The film starts with one of these evenings, and—this is its only fault—the initiation is slow, so that we begin to settle back. The original, of course, hasn't a word too many. But that done, the lives and destinies of the characters take over: the wife finds a fashionable painter, they join a sketching party, he soon tires of her, and she flies back to her husband—only to be hurt by his magnanimity. But it is not till he dies of diphtheria, contracted by an intentional carelessness, that the realisation comes to her that, not her salon of artists, but Dymov, the good honest fellow, has been the only truly great man in her life. The sensitiveness with which this tragi-comedy has been treated may be judged from the fact that, though faithful to a degree, its most telling scene—the awkwardness at the dinner-table with wife and lover who have quarrelled, and Dymov and a colleague—is not in the original. But it might well have been. This is the colleague who at the end weeps and passionately declares the worth of a true man ruined by a giddy wife, before going on to speak in matter-of-fact tones of laying out the body. The background, in soft Agfacolor, beautifully achieves its period interiors, snowy streets, river banks. Ludmilla Tselikovskaya gives fascination to the wife, and if Sergei Bondarchuk lacks anything as a "pure soul," it is the insinuation only words can give. Among the artistic "he looked as though he had on somebody else's coat," writes Chekhov, "and his beard was like a shopman's. Though," he adds, "if he had been an artist, they would have said that his beard reminded them of Zola."

At the London Pavilion, where we have so often enjoyed the threat of giant ants, carrots from Mars, and prehistoric monsters unfrozen from the Pole, there comes now a semi-documentary about flying saucers. *Unidentified Flying Objects*—or U.F.O. for short—is the name dignifying their new status. The facts here are genuine enough, and have already appeared in various books, but nearly all the excitement resides in them and not in anything we see on the screen. Even the two minutes' actual filming of U.F.O. leave us cold. Why has America a monopoly of these things?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Can't Fool 'em All the Time

THE spread of television may have one beneficial result which has not so far been widely commented on: it is harder for governments to deceive the governed on TV than on sound-radio.

Sir Harold Nicolson once said that success in sound-broadcasting required the mastery of "a trick of intimacy" (such as President Roosevelt had to perfection): on TV, the intimacy is enhanced, but the trick is much harder to pull off. I do not say that it is impossible. "Sincerity" is perhaps over-rated as a quality whose absence the viewers will intuitively detect; there are several successful TV performers of whose sincerity I feel sceptical. On one notorious occasion at least, when he had to defend himself against some awkward accusations, Mr. Nixon was able to convince the American public of his impeccability by fondling his dog on a coast-to-coast network. But commentators on the recent presidential election have reported that the voters—suspicious, perhaps, of the flattery of studio lighting and make-up, aware of such devices as the Teleprompter, and disliking the unhecklеability of the candidates—have insisted that TV campaigning is not enough and must be supplemented by old-fashioned personal appearances.

It is in a wider sense, however, that TV is now causing some trouble to propagandists accustomed in the past to the use of sound-radio as a persuasive medium. In the daily news-bulletins, for instance, it is much more difficult for TV than for sound to ignore completely, or even to play down overmuch, events whose occurrence are embarrassing to a government. People know by various means that an event has occurred. Before the days of TV, sound-radio could, by deliberate perfunctoriness or subtle denigration, give that event the value that it was most convenient to the authorities that it should seem to have. Already many people, and in a few years' time almost everybody, will expect to see the event covered by TV, and it will be far harder for the propagandists to conceal from viewers the event's true importance: through even the briefest news-shots—unless they were selected with a dishonesty so gross that no producer would wish, or dare, to connive at it—the event will speak for itself, conveying its own quality to the viewer. This is a point, incidentally, at which competition is of distinct value.

On Sunday evening last, because there are still a good many listeners who have no TV, it was still possible for the BBC's 6 o'clock news to devote its opening twelve minutes to Hungary and to put Egypt a bad second with only about

Advertiser's Announcement

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple; everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you too will master it tomorrow.

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask A. R. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address: *A. R. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Lower Baggot St., Dublin, Ireland.*

Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available.

L. CONWAY.

six minutes. The Trafalgar Square demonstration—probably the biggest since the Popular Front and Second Front campaigns—was dismissed with a casual minute or so. It would be impossible, I admit, to evaluate with absolute objectivity the tragedy of Hungary and the folly of Egypt; but I refuse to believe that the BBC news-editors did not arrive at their assessment because, being part of the Establishment, they knew by instinct and by long training—no doubt without any *ad hoc* directive—that Hungary, whatever its intrinsic merits as a subject, was also a diversion highly welcome to the Government. If this judgment excites their indignation, I am willing to admit that the process may well have been unconscious, like the salivation of Pavlov's dogs or the antics of a trained seal. Probably Moscow-Radio presented the two topics in exactly the reverse proportions.

I mention this instance because I happened to be out of reach of a TV set on Sunday night. Next day I found that friends who had seen the news on TV had a livelier appreciation of the significance of the Trafalgar Square rally than those who had merely heard about it on sound or read Monday's Tory newspapers.

Panorama, on Monday, managed to avoid upsetting the Government by a more ingenious evasion—not dodging Egypt altogether but telling the viewers (quite untruly) that they couldn't possibly understand the situation without knowing the whole background of the past thirty years, and putting up a high-powered expert to lecture them about it. This is a clever variant of Auntie-knows-best; and I have no doubt that those viewers who didn't switch off were left with a chastened feeling that they shouldn't, after all, have been so quick to condemn poor Sir Anthony.

After this, it was a relief to switch to the uninhibited, unhypocritical fantasy of *Son of Fred*, which had a brilliant parody of *The 64,000 Question* (very unkind to Mr. Desmonde, who whips his spectacles on and off as often, and as self-consciously, as Sir Anthony himself); and to the fresh and critical approach of Mr. Brian Inglis in the first of Granada's series, *What the Papers Say*, in which spokesmen of weekly reviews are doing for Fleet Street on TV what Mr. Francis Williams does in this journal. (The *N.S. & N.* follows the *Spectator* next week.) That part of the programme in which the guest of the week discusses their favourite paper with two viewers could be the best part of it; on Monday it was a bit ragged.

These distractions (and a glimpse of an overcontrived visit with an industrial chaplain to a Luton factory) prevented me from lending more than half an ear to *The Little Beggars*, a "tuppenny-halfpenny opera" by Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin on the Home Service. I hope it will be repeated; what I heard of it suggested that it was an admirable, if very free, adaptation of John Gay to the problems of delinquent bomb-site kids, with some modern social satire as biting as the original—though I could have done with fewer "standard" folk-tunes and more of those picked by Gay.

TOM DRIBERG

Luisillo and his Spanish Dance Theatre, at the Prince's

This company is not large, nor in any way pretentious; its dances are given with a simple charm and dignity that make Antonio's supercharged, luridly lit, Spanish ballets seem a somewhat phoney, export merchandise, most fitted for the film industry. Luisillo himself is a slight Spaniard with a long, lugubrious face that is fascinating to watch as, with nervous intensity, it shifts from one serious expression to another. His technique is good, though not outstanding; but it is his arrangements of ballets—always keeping an intimately national character—and the high standard of the company that are impressive. The orange harvest in Valencia, the slums of Madrid, the fiesta in Zaragoza all have a poetic gaiety that is delightful. The two female stars, Maria Rosario and Teresa Amaya, are both fine dancers. Teresa Amaya is best in *Nocturno Flamenco*, dressed in the traditional costume of a corset-tight bodice suddenly flouncing below the hips into layer after layer of frills. With her long, long, flared tail sweeping the floor, she looks like some amazing bird, strutting and throwing up her head before the solemn male escort. Maria Rosario is irresistibly bouncy, like a gorgeous rubber ball; with her gay appearance she is the opposite of Luisillo, and yet when dancing together they seem properly matched. The singers are excellent; altogether the music has been chosen with much more taste and discretion than is usual in Spanish ballet companies.

A. F.

Three British Painters, at the Adams Gallery

The exhibition of three British painters, Edward Middleditch, Peter de Francia and Derrick Greaves, at the Adams Gallery, makes one aware of the extent to which the new English realism is becoming a conscious school. The approach of each of these painters is in fact very dissimilar, but at first glance their paintings all look surprisingly alike; all take the same blunt, rather grim view of life, and all work on a large scale in a direct and uncompromising technique. The themes, such as a clump of irises against a large expanse of wall and sky or a solitary child taking its first steps, are for the most part simple and rapidly executed, and this together with the size of the canvases creates an impression of dullness or even of hollowness. Mr. Greaves and Mr. Middleditch, who is the least aggressive and perhaps the most talented of the group, are also showing drawings at the Piccadilly Gallery, and in both cases these are better and more interesting than the paintings. Mr. Middleditch's rugged, often fine drawings of animals and birds suggest that it is unnecessary that he should have to have recourse to unsuitable oriental compositional devices when converting smaller studies into large paintings, while the force and sincerity of Mr. Greaves's draughtsmanship make the sensationalist and doctrinaire aspect of some of his canvases at the Adams Gallery doubly regrettable. In Mr. de Francia's enjoyable, lumpy nudes, cheerfulness keeps breaking through.

J. G.

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Correspondence

THE SUEZ WAR

SIR,—The ultimate objective of the British and French governments is now discernible. They visualise the Suez Canal as forming the future frontier between Egypt and Israel, with the Canal itself internationally administered and the Canal Zone internationally policed. This objective has much to recommend it. The Prime Minister has been criticised for drawing analogies between Egypt in the Fifties and Germany in the Thirties, for equating Abdul Nasser with Adolf Hitler. But at least there is this in common between the two men: Nasser advertised his intention just as Hitler did. And Nasser's publicised intention was the destruction of the "small but vile" state of Israel. Perhaps the parallel should not be pushed any further. Perhaps Nasser did not mean what he said. None the less it was those threats, and that unconcealed belligerency, that lifted him in recent weeks to the leadership of the Arab nations, and a great and continuing pressure would have been put on him to make them good. Only time, a long peaceful time, will blunt the Arab longing to push the Jews into the sea.

With Mr. Dulles performing cartwheels around the Tripartite Declaration it may really have looked as if the most effective step towards preserving (not merely restoring) peace in the Middle East was the step between Egypt and Israel. And how much easier this step would be to take, and how much more convenient the resulting position would be to hold, if the frontier was shifted to the Suez Canal! Finally, and here came the temptation of Sir Anthony, a Canal Zone internationalised or mandated to Britain and France would provide just that perpetual assurance of free passage for shipping that the government have felt so concerned about.

Assuming the rightness and properness of an Israeli kingdom carved out of Arab territory—and we cannot have that argument over again—the plan is sound enough. The loss to Egypt and the gain to Israel of the large but worthless Sinai peninsular would be insignificant compared with what had previously been taken from the Arabs, and the U.N., having swallowed the establishment of Israel, ought not to strain at a minor adjustment of her boundaries. What is wrong is not the objective but its unilateral and secret adoption by Britain and France, and the abominable methods by which it is being pursued.

It would not be sensible, nor is it necessary, to suppose that the whole Cabinet is being hustled along by Capt. Waterhouse, or that the Premier is unduly attentive to the views of the lunatic fringe of his party. What Sir Anthony has been guilty of is secrecy and duplicity and blatant opportunism when the situation called for openness, honesty and restraint. Above all, he has committed the age-old error of believing that the end justifies the means. The ends actually attained are inevitably conditioned by the means employed, and already some of them are apparent. They are far from what the government intended. Other ends are now being shaped and they will be no more welcome than the first batch—the bitter division of the country and the Commonwealth, the strain on the western alliance, the hatred of all Muslim countries, the anger of India. For one thing is certain. The more we use evil means the more evil, the more terrible, will be the ends that confront us, until in this maelstrom of misfortune the original objective is altogether lost.

Patrixbourne, nr. Canterbury. R. L. C. FOOTTIT

SIR,—As Commonwealth visitors to the United States, we would like to insist that the election has had nothing at all to do with official American attitudes to the Middle Eastern crisis. It is rather a matter of morality, and the horror of ordinary Americans for Sir Anthony Eden's adventure equals our own. It can hardly be exaggerated.

Eden's policy, as originally stated, could be defended as impartial police action to end the war and preserve the Canal, but we know of no American now who has not become convinced that Britain's policy is simply to force out Colonel Nasser and to

retake the Canal. Moreover, only the most charitable accept London's denials that the Israeli invasion is not the result of a British-French plot.

The prevailing view is best epitomised in one sad sentence chalked up here. It asks: "Is *this* Britain's finest hour?"

ALEX. C. CASTLES (Australia), RUTH SIMPSON (Canada), A. YAQZAN (Pakistan), J. W. DAVIES (England), H. M. EVANS (England), NIRMAL C. BHATTACHARYYA (India).

International House, University of Chicago,
Chicago 37, U.S.A.

SIR,—The Tory Party are fundamentally wrong in their action over Egypt, and it seems pretty certain that they have handicapped themselves out of the race in the next election. But the present lamentable situation also shows, only too clearly, that Socialism has persistently ignored what ought to have been its prime practical international concern since the U.N. was founded.

If Tories and wild men start fighting and lynching, whose fault is it? Theirs, or that of the other townspeople who never insisted on the formation of a proper police force? Can anyone seriously deny that a U.N. force should have moved between Israel and Egypt, and as quickly as possible?

Sometimes one needs very long sight to see what was wrong, finally, with a piece of enacted, and in itself successful, lynch-law. International society is still a macrocosm of the Wild West, and as long as Tories (of any nation) and wild men exist, there will continue to be lynching-parties . . .

The law-abiding Socialist citizens of Britain and the world should have been and should now be clamouring for the establishment of a permanent, quick-moving U.N. police army. Not till one is formed shall we ever have the peace and the time to clear up the rest of the human mess.

JOHN FOWLES

55 Frognal,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

SIR,—Whilst I agree that there is no justification for the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, I believe that your editorial criticism of the Israeli action in the Sinai desert is entirely unjustified.

It is known that, following the setting up of the Egypt-Syria-Jordan joint high command, 2,500 Fedayeen were to be sent into Israel from the territories of those states. An attack by suicide squads on this scale clearly threatened the physical existence of Israel and fully justified her army in destroying the bases from which the attacks were to be launched.

Of course, the long-term political consequences of such an attack are serious, but if last week's action had not been taken Israel might well not have existed to feel any long-term consequences.

I realise that such distinctions between legitimate defence and aggression are not popular at a time when political feeling in this country is rightly running so high; I believe that they must, nevertheless, be made.

23 Hollycroft Avenue, GIDEON NEUFELD
London, N.W.3.

SIR,—Writing in my personal capacity I feel compelled not only to protest against the gross violation of the United Nations Charter by the British Government's attack on Egypt, but also to insist that the Soviet troops in Hungary should withdraw from the country.

DOUGLAS COHEN
Secretary

Broomwood Branch Communist Party,
London, S.W.11.

LENIN AND HUNGARY

SIR,—If Hungarians and the Kremlin let me arbitrate their differences, my emphatic reply would be—let Lenin decide.

Said he:—"We may not use force to compel other nations to ally themselves to Russia. Only a really voluntary, a really free agreement may be used, and this is impossible if there is no *freedom to repeal the agreement.*"

And:—"Only equals can come to an agreement. For the agreement to be a real, and not *a conquest marked by phrases*, the parties must have equal rights."

And:—"The Finns" (at the time he said "Finns," now he would have said "Hungarians") "must say that they have *the right to decide their destiny according to their own lights* and the Russian who does not want to accord them this right is a chauvinist."

S. D. ABRAMOFF

Henegouwerlaan 61a,
Rotterdam, Holland.

COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

SIR,—It is very desirable that an adequate history of the Comintern should be written, but whoever writes it should show more historical sense, or capacity for clear expression than "Marxist."

"The chain of cause and effect passes through Berlin, but it returns to Moscow in the end." This appears to suggest the following succession: Comintern policy caused the rise of Hitler; the rise of Hitler caused the triumph of Stalinism. Comintern policy from 1928 was almost certainly mistaken but, bad as it almost certainly was over Germany, the mistakes of other parties—say the Social-Democrats—and factors outside the range of influence of Moscow were at least as responsible for Hitler's triumph. And anyone who starts analysing the rise of Stalinism in January, 1933, is not helping historical analysis either. Besides, is this constructing of single-track lines of cause and effect really the way to tackle a complex set of historical situations? Really, this sort of thing won't do.

But "Marxist" is even more open to criticism when he suggests that the C.P.S.U. is exclusively to blame for the errors of the Communist parties. This is a gross oversimplification of the way in which Communist international policy was in fact formed. In the first place, after the chance of spreading the revolution had apparently disappeared for some time, what happened abroad was only negatively vital to the C.P.S.U. So long as the U.S.S.R. was secure against intervention, it did not greatly matter, in principle, how the foreign parties conducted their work. It is a commonplace of discussion that the Comintern became progressively less important to the C.P.S.U. Unfortunately the largest of these parties, the German, had in the past taken to intervening in the internal political struggles of the U.S.S.R., with the result that its own internal policy-divisions were mixed up with Russian ones; with disastrous results on its leadership. (The Italian party carefully avoided any such mistake, with the result that Togliatti has remained its leader without interruption since 1925, even though his own policy has been by no means a 100 per cent "orthodox" one.) Since there was thus in practice, if not always in theory, a good deal of room for the Comintern to make international policy, and for its sections to make policy for their own countries, the question is, why it and they did not avail themselves of this possibility. The answer is that some did. The Chinese party persistently followed its own line against the Comintern one, while remaining perfectly loyal, and the French party (or, as has been argued, sections of Comintern H.Q. in combination with the French party) abandoned the very policy which "Marxist" (rightly) criticises early in 1934, that is long before the official word to change had gone round the world, and certainly long before the German Communist Party had shown signs of realising what their mistakes had been or what Hitler's triumph implied. No doubt, if either the Chinese or French had failed, they would have been blamed for it and pilloried. But, as it was a sensible policy, they knew that it was much less likely to fail than the official one, and they also knew that if it succeeded, they would be praised. Other parties might well have shown as much initiative. Why they didn't, is a question which can only be answered by a detailed study of their history, of the nature of the policy-divisions within them, of the Comintern representatives who worked with them, and numerous other matters for which there is hardly space here, even supposing that they could be adequately studied in the present state of our knowledge.

To put all the blame on the C.P.S.U. is to absolve local Communist parties from the responsibility of analysing their own mistakes and omissions. But the important question today, at least for Communists, is precisely to see what they could have done even within the given framework of the Comintern, and what they can do now, within the framework of international solidarity and support for the U.S.S.R. And "Marxist's" occasional brownings through the back files of journals appear to me to have little value for this, as for any other purpose.

E. J. H.

SIR,—The theory accepted, apparently, by "Marxist" that Stalinism arose as a sort of reflex action in response to pressure by Hitler's Germany has been challenged, well in advance, by Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in his book *Light on Moscow*, published in 1939. Mr. Pritt there argues that during the crucial years 1933-34 Germany's attitude towards the U.S.S.R. was "friendly and even cordial." He quotes speeches to this effect by Hitler; the grant of credits amounting to 200 million marks to the U.S.S.R. in March, 1933; the ratification in May of that year of the 1926 Treaty between the two countries which had remained unratified for some years before Hitler's accession; and other facts. The deterioration in Soviet-German relations appears as the result of the action of the U.S.S.R. in adopting a policy of "collaboration with the Western democracies," towards the end of 1934.

There is more direct evidence than "Marxist" cites that the German Communists' support for the Nazi referendum against the Social-Democratic Government of Prussia was Comintern-inspired. Pyatuitsky, Dimitrov's predecessor as Comintern chief, mentioned the affair in his pamphlet *Fulfil the Decisions!* (i.e., of the Twelfth "Plenum" of the Comintern Executive), revealing that the German Communist leadership were at first opposed to taking part in the

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referendum, but changed their minds with the aid of the Comintern.

Many hitherto secret archives are being opened in the U.S.S.R. just now, and historians are beginning work upon them, as "Marxist" points out. The Comintern archives should throw much light on the history of the inter-war years, especially the archives for the period approximately 1927-1933, when "Moscow" intervened so often and so forcefully in the affairs of a number of western Communist Parties.

15 St. Michael's Close, Torrington Grove, N.12. BRIAN PEARCE

REVERSE FOR THE COMMUNISTS

SIR,—Your journal's comments on the first ballot result in the election for a new A.E.U. general secretary are very misleading and in part completely untrue. Here are the facts.

IRIS (Industrial Research and Information Services, Ltd.) is a newly set-up organisation, run by trade unionists, which numbers among its directors Jack Tanner, C.B.E. He is, in fact, the chairman. IRIS supplies factual information and conducts research believing that trade unionists armed with the facts are better able to conduct their own affairs. IRIS does not attempt to dictate trade union policy, but helps the trade unionist to decide it for himself.

In line with these principles, IRIS believes that fuller knowledge of industrial matters, and the facts about candidates in union elections, will help to combat the danger of Communist infiltration. But also in line with these principles IRIS has no "favourites" in elections, nor does it regard any candidate as "expendable." The first ballot voting has thrown out the Communist, Joe Scott, and therefore IRIS plays no further part in this election, unless it is to hope that more A.E.U. members will record their votes.

Your remarks about Mr. Cecil Hallett *vis-a-vis* IRIS, LTD., are, therefore, completely unfounded and distort the principles upon which IRIS works. As we say in a recent newsletter to subscribers, "IRIS welcomes the news that the Communist is out of the fight, and feels certain that the democratic machinery of the union will put the right man into this top T.U. job. May the better man win!"

IRIS CHARLES R. SONNEX
Maritime House,
Clapham, S.W.4.

BLOCKBUSTER

SIR,—Mr. J. Stewart Cook agrees that to put all the votes on a single card is not to issue "one voting card for every 1,000 members or part thereof" but urges that any affiliated organisation can ask for the rules to be correctly applied in its own case. It would make no difference anyway, he says. The prisoners are quite content. They are, of course, entitled to hold the keys but it's years since anyone asked and if you gave them a bunch each, they'd only complain of the weight.

Doubtless this is what the N.E.C. will say but they must not be allowed to get away with it. They know, even if Mr. Cook does not, that trade unions do not determine their own national policy on all important issues. It is quite unjustifiable to assume that many free-hand votes of the past would not have been followed by free-card votes had the physical means of casting such votes been present. It is still more unjustifiable to assume that there will be no such development in the future.

But even if these assumptions were correct that would be no excuse for continuing the illegal robbery of the power of decision. Prisoners who have never held the keys may not want to use them, may not at first know how to use them. They must still have them.

25 Westmorland Terrace, London, S.W.1. HUGH JENKINS

SOCIAL REALISM

SIR,—W. H. Auden's review of the *Icelandic Sagas* was exceptionally interesting and thought-provoking. And it is because of this that I feel bound to take him up over his remarks on Social Realism. He begins by saying that Social Realism "disinfected of all polemical associations" can be a useful descriptive term. He then describes the characteristics of the kind of literature the term might cover.

1. Characters can only reveal themselves by "their deeds, their words and their looks."
2. The writer must exclude himself. "Cause, motive, effect" must appear to be what his characters think they are. The only moral judgments allowed are those that his characters pass on one another.
3. No character is either black or white.
4. "Individuals will be presented in their social context which influences their character but never wholly commands it."
5. Their speech must "lie within the range of credible conversation."

Now the point is that such a definition does not begin to define any kind of literature. The recorded proceedings of a court case, if illustrated with photographs to reveal the characters "by their looks" would fulfil all these conditions. Admittedly, Auden later implies that a Social Realist work should not be a "lifeless and ponderous documentation" but he omits to describe what specifically Social Realist qualities can prevent this. If he had done so, he would have been forced to agree that what can prevent it is the kind of selection that the writer practises. This brings us to the perennial problem of literary realism: the problem of the typical. And because the typical is not the same thing as the average, because the writer has to *create* the typical, the solving of this problem depends upon the writer's critical understanding of his society—and ultimately, therefore, upon his purpose in writing the book at all. Thus we are back at the beginning, back to what Auden a little petulantly calls "polemical associations." Disinfected of these, Social Realism means nothing. And there is justice in this being so, because those who invented the term, and those few who have created Social Realist masterpieces, have always stressed that the term has nothing to do with a style: but only with a purpose. Auden's definition, if it defines any literature at all, defines Social Naturalism. The works of Gorki, the plays of Brecht, the stories of Lu Hsun, the poetry of Nerada and Mayakovsky disobey almost every one of his conditions.

JOHN BERGER

OVERSEAS STUDENTS IN LONDON

SIR,—Mr. John Morgan's review of Dr. A. T. Carey's book *Colonial Students* will be read by many sympathetic to the position of an African or Asian student in London, faced with the intimidating experience of the impersonality of a city. Since the number of Colonial students in London is now nearing 7,000—quite apart from the thousands of overseas students from other countries—the need for more lodgings is acute indeed. Perhaps people who have never taken a stranger, English or otherwise, into their homes may see this as an opportunity not only to befriend a fellow human being, but also to carry out a real international service.

If anyone living in London within reasonable bus or tube distance of one of the Colleges of the University or a technical college would like to know more of what is involved in offering accommodation to an overseas student (who would pay the usual rate for the district) perhaps they would write to:

The British Council,
Student Welfare (London) Department,
65 Davies Street,
London, W.1,

or telephone Grosvenor 8011.

E. N. GUMMER

TOMORROW'S LANDSCAPE

SIR,—In her review last week of *Tomorrow's Landscape*, by Sylvia Crowe, Jacquetta Hawkes utters a cry which must have found an echo in the minds of many equally angry people. It is plain to anyone with eyes that this remarkably beautiful island is being rapidly turned into one of the most scarred and ugly in the world. Mr. Ian Nairn's *Outrage*, and now Miss Crowe's *Tomorrow's Landscape*, both suggest ways in which this process may be arrested, at least temporarily, but it would be interesting to know if either of these excellent publications has had any effect on the innumerable official bodies mainly responsible for this desecration, or on the apathy of a public which allows it to continue.

We are, as Mrs. Hawkes says, an over-populated island, yet I cannot believe that our life has to be organised in such a way that beauty is always sacrificed to utility and economic pressure. We have allowed ourselves to drift into a hideous complacency which will let pass anything described as an "economic necessity," be it a necessity or no. And those among us who take their lack of imagination for hard-headed common sense dismiss what protests they may hear as dreamy-eyed and absurdly idealistic. Jacquetta Hawkes suggests that to bring about the necessary change of values would be one of the most joyous and rewarding campaigns of peace. Indeed it would; but how is this campaign to be effectively conducted?

9 Wildwood Grove, Hampstead, N.W.3. SHEILA SULLIVAN

EDEN CALYPSO

SIR,—As one of those who last Sunday walked about ten significant miles through London, may I offer a pat on the tired back to the man with the guitar? He played almost constantly during the march; his repertoire included, besides the "Red Flag," a range of popular and Negro songs to which we sang lustily—if hoarsely towards the end—special words (e.g., "Down by the Suez-cide") some of the best of which he made up on the spot, slightly improper but highly apposite; most important of all, at several points when there was a definite difference of opinion about which way the column should go, a general rallying round "the music" saved the situation. He broke one string and three plectrums for the cause, and he deserves a banquet.

MARY GERARD

33 Belsize Lane, N.W.3.

It is more than two hundred years since Drambuie was first brought to Scotland by Bonnie Prince Charlie. The pleasant custom of drinking a liqueur becomes, with Drambuie, part of a tradition that has its origin in the colourful days of the eighteenth century.

Drambuie

Wine Drinking for Britain

A Bush for New Wine

ONE of the most interesting men I ever met was the famous, or perhaps notorious, Dr. Julien Besançon. At the age of about 90 he was still in practice off the Boulevard Haussman; for 60 years he had been specialising in longevity and he had scores of octogenarians, nonagenarians and centenarians on his books, with their case-records. He told me that two rules only emerged from an analysis of this material, rules for those wishing to live to a hundred or more: he made no distinction between vegetarians and meat eaters, manual workers and brain workers, the sober and the dissolute, townsmen and countrymen: one's way of life made no difference provided one *drank no water*. For long life wine was sovereign. I was startled by this dictum into pointing out that water was the "natural" drink and that all animals drank it. To which he replied (unanswerably since man is the longest-living of mammals), "Oui, monsieur, et ils en crèvent!" As to this *savant's* second rule, when the NEW STATESMAN publishes a supplement under the aegis of Aphrodite instead of Dionysus, I can write about that too.

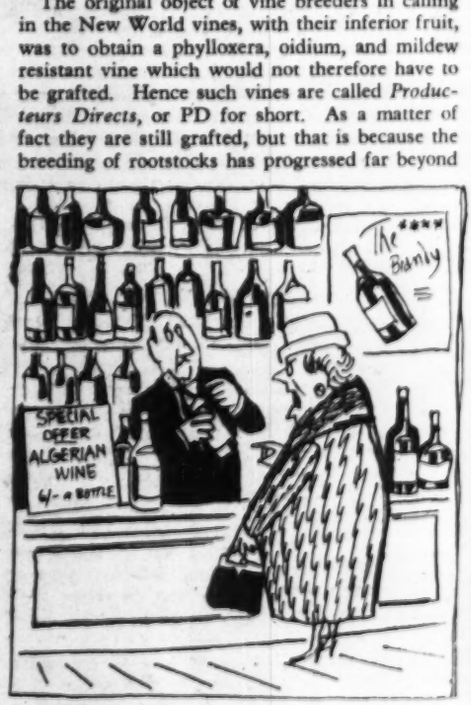
Happily for those set upon long life there is no danger of a wine famine. The problem facing the greater viticultural countries is, on the contrary, one of over-production. Nor is this likely to be solved by the most interesting development in viticulture since the phylloxera crisis of the Sixties and Seventies. I refer to the increasing acreage of vineyards planted to disease-resistant hybrid grapevines.

As everyone knows, great wines are associated with specific vine varieties. Some wines are made from grapes of only one variety; others from a blend of two or more. These associations are not, as a matter of fact, eternal: owing to the phenomenon known as "varietal sensecence," only quite recently identified as apparently due to a number of viruses, it is necessary, at about quarter century intervals, to replace old with new varieties. Gamays are replaced by Pinots, Pinots by something else: such names as Cabernet and Chardonay are famous. Some varieties last much longer than others. But until recently all European and African wine was made from grapes of varieties classified as *cépages nobles*; all *grand crus* and almost all wines known by name are still so made. And all *cépages nobles* are varieties of the Eurasian species *Vitis vinifera*, the vine of history. And there is a strong feeling among those who have cultivated a wine palate, or think they have, that if you do not use a *cépage noble*, indeed if you change the vine variety in your vineyard at all, you spoil the wine.

You do not, of course, do any such thing; you merely alter it. I don't believe in fairies, ghosts, or the connoisseur, even though he be a private detective of ducal blood, who can tell you the vineyards and date of a wine by tasting it. If such a man does exist he is French; and he is in the trade. However, it is true that the particular quality of a wine is produced by a particular grape or blend of grapes, growing in a particular soil and microclimate. But there are, potentially, as many good wines, and even great wines, as there are good vine varieties to get the best out of certain soils. And the point is that, to the horror and dismay of the oenologically romantic, the application of genetics to viticulture has now made it possible to begin breeding vines for specific purposes, specific soils and climates. The new wines will not be the same as the old ones; but they will not be worse; some are already as good—and I have tasted them to the point of drunkenness in the enchanting house of M. Gérard Marot, president of the huge *Fédération Nationale d'Etudes et de Défense des nouveaux cépages Français*, etc., etc., known to us, its *délégués*, as FENAVINO. Note the word *Défense* in the title.

First, the nature of a "hybrid" vine needs defining: they exist, like so much else, by virtue of the discovery of America. Eurasia has only one vitis species; Asia proper has about ten but they have never been cultivated or used in breeding excepting for ornamental vines. America has at least 20 species. The new hybrid vines are produced by cross-breeding V. vinifera varieties with American species, or with other hybrids containing American "blood". New varieties have been produced for thousands of years by crossing varieties *within* the Old World species, but in order to distinguish between these, and the extra-vinifera hybrids, the pure vinifera crosses are, by convention, called *métis*. These *métis* are also important in the new viticulture. The Swiss Müller-Thurgau produced one, *Riesling x Sylvaner*, which is as good as Riesling, as fruitful as Sylvaner, and much earlier than either. Professor-Dr. Hussfeldt, at the Landau research station, produced a *Madeleine x Sylvaner métis*, not yet in commerce, which ripened its honey-sweet amber fruit even in this sunless summer, in Kent, let alone in its own country.

The original object of vine breeders in calling in the New World vines, with their inferior fruit, was to obtain a phylloxera, oidium, and mildew resistant vine which would not therefore have to be grafted. Hence such vines are called *Producteurs Directs*, or PD for short. As a matter of fact they are still grafted, but that is because the breeding of rootstocks has progressed far beyond its original purpose and enables the grower to suit a vine to a soil, or to obtain a definite, known result from his vines.



"Which side is Algeria on, young man?"

I have said that American native grapes are of inferior flavour. This is due to the fact that whereas the Old World grapes have been improved in cultivation during about 50 centuries, the Americans have only been in cultivation for, at the most, three. Unhappily, the earlier hybrids were obtained from a North American species whose fruit is extremely nasty—their grapes taste (said the great nurseryman Bunyard) something between a blackcurrant and an old tom-cat. A modified version of it gave rise to the slip-skin dessert grapes called, variously, *Strawberry grapes, Framboise* and others. This taste is a Mendelian dominant, and even varieties with only about 20 per cent. of this American sap, as against 80 per cent. vinifera, produce very rank wine in absolutely enormous quantities. These *hybrides à gout de fox* (not Renard; the term probably comes from the American *Fox Grape*) are now under a legal ban in all great viticultural areas of Europe, and the French authorities have power to force growers to destroy them.

But of recent years something very mortifying to the conservative oenophil has been happening. Wines from the grapes of other vinifera x American hybrids (where fox-free American species have been used) have repeatedly won first awards in numerous *concours, comices* and tastings under official auspices. And the fact is that some of them now produce wines of the very highest merit, differing in subtleties from the classic *crus*, but as good. It will take them decades to establish themselves; but there is now no question of their quality. The vines which yield these wines have been bred not haphazard but under scientific guidance, and often by men learned in genetics as well as in ampelography. L. Levadoux at Montpellier produced his standard *Sélection et hybridation chez la vigne* for the use of such men. Professor Pirovano of Italy is the doyen of scientific vine breeders. In short we are at the beginning of an entirely new era in the wine-growing industry, as in most others.

The resistance to the PD vines is still tremendous: hence the *"Défense"* in the title, and functions, of the federation I mentioned above. When the French and Italians engage in commercial strife within an industry they pull no punches, are not mealy mouthed, bar no holds. The battle between the new and the old orders is ferocious; the price of journalists has shot up to record heights, the academic men on both sides are blackguarded and libelled by the other, the government is deeply involved. Here is a glance at the state of the game.

You will find no PDs being planted by the piously careful German growers of great hocks. These people know that such plantation would make their life easier, but they do not believe that, with such vines, they would be able to produce the nectars it has taken centuries of application to evolve. There is here a really admirable integrity, for there is no doubt that PD vines would enable them to double their output without one extra acre, and to halve their disease and pest-control costs. Again, when I attended a

wine-growers' convention in the Veronese and was much flattered at being regarded, wrongly (but who was I to correct them?) as the only English wine grower, a kind of one-man outpost of civilisation among beer-drinking barbarians, I nearly lost my footing by asking whether any PDs were grown. God forbid! Yet one of the speakers at the convention was Professor Pirovano, and he was heard with reverence.

In France, if PDs were planted to supply the demand for good, strong *vin courant* (leaving the *grands crus* out of it), the acreage under vines could be very greatly reduced, the number of peasants employed in wine growing also; so would the consumption of fertilisers, sulphur, copper and so forth. In short there are large and powerful interests vested in hostility to the PDs, interests which have long had every French government by the short hairs. But the Fenavino is now also powerful and the PD wines are making their way by sheer merit. Everyone knows that PD vines would maintain output while reducing costs in the industry. Not everyone is convinced that quality would not suffer.

The *grands crus* growers stick firmly to *cépages nobles*. I feel sure that they, too, will in due course have to give way. New and still better hybrids are being bred all the time: sooner or later a vine with the quality-attributes of the *cépages nobles* and the fruitfulness (due to "hybrid vigour") and disease-resistance of the American species, will be produced. Fifty years from now I am quite certain that wine-snobs will be heard talking of the marvellous pre-PD vintage wine they discovered in a corner of the Beaujolais last summer. You know the form. But there will still be good wine, it will be made from PDs, and by then it will need no bush.

EDWARD HYAMS

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Write for free handbook on sherry to RUIZ (Dept. NS),
34, GROSVENOR STREET, W.1

Wines for the Amateur

TWENTY years ago, when fine wines were both common and cheap (I bought the incomparable Ch. Latour 1929 for 7s. 8d. a bottle as late as 1940), it was not difficult to establish standards in wine-drinking. But a great many people who now enjoy modest wine-drinking were either too young or too poor in the Thirties to drink at all, let alone to buy with discrimination. Consequently, although there has been a great increase in wine consumption (in the last pre-war year just over a million gallons of French table wines were imported into Britain, as compared with 2.6 million gallons in 1955) it has not been easy to drink those mature wines, particularly claret and red Burgundy, which set standards of excellence. Fronsac, Niersteiner or Spanish "burgundy" may be our staple *vin de table*, but once in a while we should aspire to a bottle of fine claret, or to one of the single vineyard wines from the Côte-d'Or or the Rhine. The mark of the wine snob is not the liking for great wines, but the inability to return to the Fronsac.

Even those who are undeterred by such discouragements and pitfalls and have both a taste for wine and a willingness to be interested, have to face the problem how to lay out a modest wine allocation to the best advantage. Those who want fine red wine at moderate prices must be prepared to buy it young, when first bottled two or three years after the vintage, and then wait for its maturity. An annual expenditure of £15 to £25 on "laying down" wines (as opposed to purchases for current consumption) should turn out one of the best investments that most of us are likely to make. Particularly now, before wine prices have caught up with other commodities.

It must be said that it is important to guard against comparing wines entirely by price. It is dangerous to assume that because Messrs. A's Chateau X of a certain vintage is 6d. or 1s. cheaper than Messrs. B's bottling of the same wine, the former is necessarily the better buy; it all depends on the handling of the wine. And it is not entirely impossible that Messrs. A's claret is cheaper because it has suffered a little blending with other wines; and with Burgundy the risk increases sharply. In such cases the blending will have been done by the French, not the English, merchant.

Price comparisons may be misleading, too, as between wines, particularly in the cheaper ranges. I am frequently surprised by people to whom a couple of shillings either way on a bottle of wine would not make a great difference nevertheless determinedly buying at the cheapest price the grocer can offer. For up to a certain point it is undeniably true that the more you pay the much better value you receive. The reason will be obvious when it is pointed out that all foreign beverage wines (i.e., not fortified or sparkling) pay the same duty if imported in cask, whether they come from the great vineyards of the Médoc, Côte-d'Or or the Rhine, or from Tunis or Chile. Consequently a 7s. 6d. wine should have much more wine value in it than a 5s. 6d. bottle. Of course, there comes a point when other considerations enter—fame, a "name," short supply, or foreign bottling entailing higher duty and freight charges—but up to about 12s. 6d. for claret and 16s. for Burgundy and German wines, it pays to spend as much as you can afford; after that quality continues to improve, but one may have to spend disproportionately.

The question of what to buy is somewhat different from what to drink. And, at the risk of being taken for a wine snob, I am prepared to say that nearly all the *fine* red wines now being offered by wine merchants today either need keeping or will improve with a few more years in bottle. From 1953 back to 1945 there is scarcely a claret of the hundred or so best growths or a Côte-d'Or wine from one of the named vineyards that will not be better later; an exception is the 1947 Burgundy vintage which now seems at its peak. Wine merchants, who have nothing else to sell, are unlikely to press this information on their clients, still less are wine-waiters; but then wine, like war in relation to generals, is too important a matter to be left to wine-waiters.

The obvious retort to such counsels of abstinence, is where are we to keep such wines and what shall be drunk in the meantime? The answer to the first is that one of the advantages of regular association with a wine merchant is that he will keep his clients' reserves, however modest, for nothing or for a small annual charge. Anyone who questions the desirability of buying in advance of consumption should look at a wine merchant's list of some four or five years ago and compare it with the current one; nearly all the older wines will have disappeared, and the young wines of today are markedly dearer than the comparable wines then; in another year the present young wines—the 1952s and 1953s—will be vanishing too. Moreover, after the great frost in Bordeaux this year, growers and merchants there are saying that the 1953s will be "the last cheap Bordeaux" for years; certainly the 1955 prices will surprise people when they appear in a year or so.

What, then, shall we drink? First, white wine has the merit of being excellent, and often at its best, when fresh and young. Secondly, not the least agreeable feature of the relatively inexpensive red wines of Beaujolais is that they are drinkable within two or three years of the vintage. Moreover, the minor clarets and Burgundies mature more rapidly than the greater wines. Lesser St. Emilions, Pomerols, Fronsacs and Médocs are drinkable after four or five years, and this is even more the case with the *vins de commune* of Burgundy—the Pommards, Côte-de Beaunes and Nuits-St. Georges. And those with an accumulating small reserve of fine wines can drink the minor wines with the comfortable feeling that they are saving future rarities.

Certainly now is the time to start a modest reserve—possibly the last chance to do so at reasonable cost, to judge by the upward rush of wine prices on the Continent. Assuming an initial outlay of £30 to be spent only on "laying down," what should be bought? In my view claret remains the best value in wine. And while the '52s and '53s are reasonably inexpensive in Britain I suggest an initial purchase from each vintage of two half dozens of the excellent second rank Bordeaux; perhaps one Médoc, such as Lynch Bages, Pontet Canet, Talbot, Langoa or Palmer, and one St. Emilion or Pomerol—La Gaffelière, Figeac, Belair, L'Enclos or Gazin. These two dozen should cost about £12 10s. I would supplement them with an assorted dozen of '49s and '50s, which will probably bring the total cost of claret up to £20. For a low-priced Burgundy of from 9s. or 10s. I would buy half a dozen of a 1953 Beaujolais from one of the communes—Fleurie, Juliénas or Brouilly. The leading Beaujolais of this fine vintage will be better, and rarer, in a year or two. For half a dozen Côte-d'Or wines for keeping purposes, a single vineyard wine is probably the best value in the long run. I would try to buy, say, a Volnay Champans rather than a Volnay, a Vosne Malconsorts rather than a plain Vosne Romanée.

GOOD WINE

All the sunshine of the warm south is captured in the golden glow of Madeira wine. Dry as an aperitif, or rich and full, a glass of Madeira wine is a never failing delight.

Madeira

Such wines from '52 or '53 vintage will cost from 12s. 6d. to 15s. a bottle. Just now I might be inclined to spend the balance of my £30 on half a dozen bottles of '53 Hock and Moselle, on the grounds that there has not been a good German wine vintage since then, and German wines have certain unique qualities; although expensive it is surprising how many excellent single vineyard wines can be found for 12s. or 14s. from such villages as Zeltingen, Dhron, Nierstein and Hallgarten. On such a small budget I would not lay down other white wines.

Each year the reserve, as opposed to wine bought for immediate drinking, might have a further £15 allotted to it, in addition to replacements of wines consumed. With some bottles of fine wine behind the faggots one can either lay in each year a few bottles of really choice wine, or pick promising young clarets in the 8s. range and put away a dozen at a time. Claret is only the best value in wine if drunk when reasonably mature.

When choosing wine what should be looked for? The answer is, first, flavour. This, of course, is easier to set down than to describe; and the translation of vinous sensations into words is notoriously risky. It is partly a matter of experience and memory, partly of standards. Good wine should taste clean not thick, fruity not sharp; the sugar content should not, with the exception of Sauternes and the richer Rhine wines, suggest an unnatural flavour that comes from added sugar. White Burgundy should be fresh and lively; the poor quality of much of the flat, tired and even woody wine that passes for white Burgundy over here cannot be appreciated until the real stuff, properly handled, has been enjoyed. Contrary to the views of many, red Burgundy should not resemble unfortified port. Claret, the most difficult wine for generalisations such as these, should be fruity but not coarse when young, and delicate when older—although the bigger St. Emilions and Pomerols may have an almost Burgundian roundness. And with the German wines, freshness and flavour is the criterion, not sweetness. Cleanness should also be looked for in sherry. This does not imply dryness, but sherry in Britain is too often inclined to be heavy, whether it be Fino or Oloroso. Vintage port will be so rare a purchase that its warm mellowness is not worth describing. Meredith called port "senatorial" and its prestige has declined with that of many second chambers.

A word on the accessories of wine. Wine lives and changes, and it shows off to the best advantage if well treated. Not snobbism but good sense suggests that the bottle of red wine be stood up some hours beforehand in a moderately warm room, and that the white wine be served neither tepid nor frozen; and do not be too self-conscious about decanting a red wine, however modest. Although only necessary with wines having sediment—and most red wines have some—the act of pouring from bottle into decanter gives the wine an airing that will certainly benefit it. For the same reason it is worth while investing in some fairly thin, good-sized wine glasses that curve in slightly at the top; the wine will smell and taste better after this controlled ventilation. Finally do not be shy about telling those sharing the bottle with you its name and vintage, and any other facts you know. To enjoy a wine fully it must be discussed as well as drunk; the most disappointing bottle is the one that goes down unremarked.

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Hanns Christof Wein

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Famous since 1794 for the finest Hocks and Moselles

Notes from the Cellar

ARE British tastes in wine changing? Last week I made a round-up of London wine merchants. Their verdict: British tastes are not changing, but British drinking habits have altered radically since the war—almost entirely on account of taxation. The old working-class market in sweet red wines, chiefly from Portugal and Australia, has virtually disappeared. Despite a recovery in the last two years, port is still only 40 per cent. of pre-war consumption. Sherry, also highly taxed, has recovered more rapidly. Last year, consumption reached the pre-war figure, and this year it will be slightly above it. Madeira, too, has acquired a valuable slice of the pre-war port market. Champagne, which has made a strong recovery in the last two years (helped by Bunny, Flockie and Co.), has now reached the pre-war level. By contrast, enormous gains have been registered by table wines, above all from France. Britain now drinks three times as much claret as before the war, and consumption of Burgundy has more than doubled. There is also a much bigger demand for Hocks and Moselles. In the last two or three years, however, substantial price increases in these well-known wines have tended to drive some customers farther afield. Among wines for which there is now a real demand are dry whites from the Loire (virtually unknown here before the war), reds from the Rhône, *rosés* —above all from Anjou—red and white Chiantis, and a wide variety of Spanish table wines. Merchants are also importing large quantities of wine from Hungary, Jugoslavia, Greece, Algeria, Malta and Cyprus. But there is no evidence, I was told, that British customers prefer these wines. They simply find them cheaper; if taxation policy changes, merchants calculate they will immediately switch back to pre-war brands.

And spirits? The big three—whisky, gin and rum—still hold their own. But more vodka is being drunk than ever before, and there is a significant newcomer—Spanish brandy. Among recent trends, I'm told, is an increase in brand-consciousness, particularly in whisky. I deplore this. I've always felt that trade marks are absurd animals, which serve no useful purpose and are rammed down our throats at enormous cost (to ourselves). Old merchants, commiserating with each other over a glass of fine tawny, tell themselves that "the trade is dead" and pass the decanter in funereal silence. An illustration in point: a provincial merchant, visited unexpectedly by an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, and knowing him to be a whisky drinker, brought out a bottle of "single" whisky, a fine Highland malt matured in wood for over twenty years. It was a pale straw colour, and as he poured it into his friend's glass he noticed that the latter looked slightly apprehensive. The visitor took one sip of the rare and beautiful spirit and said: "What are you trying to do to me, Fred? For goodness' sake give me a drop of the real stuff." And he pointed to a bottle of a well-known blended whisky on the shelf.

* * *

One of the most distressing examples of wine-snobbery and the way it can restrict pleasure is the Anglo-Saxon preference for very dry champagne. I think I am right in saying this dates from the Edwardian era, when stockbrokers were beginning to get uppish, and American bar-habits were spreading. I associate it with the victory of the whisky and soda over the far more civilised brandy and soda. It certainly was not universal in the Nineties, as you can see from Oscar Wilde's letter to Alfred Douglas, in which he refers lyrically to their favourite champagne in language so honeyed that it suggests an effervescent mead. Going a bit far, perhaps? Perhaps. There is, of course, nothing wrong with very dry champagne. A glass of it at 11 o'clock with a biscuit is delicious; it has a definite tonic effect on convalescents and has been known to revive the moribund. But the stockbrokers, in order to show off, insisted on treating it as a table wine. The prejudice, because it did not go with meat, against sweet champagne, which was labelled gooseberry juice or chorus girl's mixture, spread right throughout the bourgeoisie. And along with sweet champagne all other sparkling wines were condemned as absolutely undrinkable, my dear chap, by men whose palates were little, if any, more sensitive than the Blackwall Tunnel. In fact, they are all delicious if drunk with fruit or in between meals; Sparkling Moselle, Asti Spumante with its sweet gentle creamy froth, Sparkling Saumur, which you used to be able to get before 1914 for 2s. 6d. a bottle, the faintly effervescent Portuguese Vino Verde which is dry enough to drink with fish. They should be cherished.

* * *

The late A. J. A. Symons, an admirable guest, used one of two adjectives to describe any wine set before him: "interesting" or "acceptable." Most of the Soviet wines that I have drunk have been at least interesting; some have been highly acceptable—for instance, a very light and reasonably dry Caucasian white wine of the Riesling type. The Caucasus and the Crimea are the Soviet Union's two main wine-growing areas. One of the better Crimean champagnes, called Abrau-durso, is also one of the drier; but, in general, Russian taste in wine seems to prefer the sweet. They like very much, for instance, a sweet red dessert wine called Kagor. I have

AVERYS

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conceive it to be their job as Wine Merchants to seek out—and in most cases ship directly—the best that can be had in the whole range of wines and spirits. The modest reputation they have acquired as shippers of Claret and Burgundy has perhaps tended to overshadow their other activities, but they are in no sense specialists and are as proud of their Scotch Whisky blends (perfected over many decades) as of their Hocks, Brandies, Madeiras or Sherries—and they are, of course, one of the two original shippers of Bristol Milk.

Whatever your taste may be and however long or attenuated your purse, Averys are almost certain to have what you want. The first step is obviously to send for their list and the interesting bits and pieces that go with it, and at the same time you may like to consider these little 'bonnes bouches'—

SHERRY

BRISTOL SUPREME—perfection of the full-style Sherries peculiar to Bristol.

BRISTOL MILK—as shipped for over 160 years.

ALONSO—a fine full Golden.

SILVEN—a very fine Amontillado, dry but not too dry.

A quarter-bottle of each for 24/6 post free.

1952 AND 1953 VINTAGES

Now is the time to buy Claret and Burgundy of these fine vintages. Here is an interesting selection to try—

St. Emilion-Royal 1952

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Ch. Latour Pomerol 1952

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ELEK BOOKS

been told, but have been unable to check, that this is not a local name but a Russian version of the French place-name Cahors: the Russians have no *h*, and substitute for it the letter *g* (thus, *gooligan, Galifax*). Uzbekistan, most of whose grapes are enormous ones for eating, also produces a sweet dessert wine. In recent years, wines have been increasingly identified not by name but by their numbers in a collective wine-list. People dining out in Moscow will say to each other: "Don't let's go to the —, they don't have No. 18 there"; or (to the wine-butler): "Let's see, do you have No. 23 now?" This is mystifying to visitors: a descriptive wine-list would be a useful complement to the exhaustive polyglot book of dishes (not all always available) which is standard in the Moscow hotels. When you hear a Russian say "*vino*," he is not necessarily talking about wine. Vodka is still a predominant national drink; and just as old-fashioned spirit-drinkers in England will speak of "a nice drop of wine" when they mean whisky (or even euphemistically, of "a nice drop of sherbet"), so it is said of vodka that non-drinkers call it vodka and vodka-drinkers call it wine. It used, indeed, to be advertised as "bread wine."

* * *

Once again I have been dipping into George Saintsbury's *Notes on a Cellar-Book*. Published in 1920 and dedicated to Kipling, it is a rich blend of wine, literature and High Tory prejudice, full of retrospectively sage advice to anyone setting up a cellar in the '90s or 1900s. (Saintsbury kept up his own cellar between 1884 and 1915.) The book is full of the drinking lore of more spacious days. Though the professor himself was a distinguished and discerning wine-drinker, thumbing his pages we can see what a horrid effect his connoisseur's phraseology has had on the A. J. A. Symons generation that produced the "memorable meal" bulletins of the Wine and Food Society, and which Cyril Connolly satirised so wittily long ago in "Felicity Entertains." Saintsbury plumps for jeraboams, notes how "cool champagne at dinner" relieved Matthew Arnold's heart-weakness and joins issue vigorously with Meredith on the length of time that port should be kept in the cellar. He is great on the icing of claret:

> It is well that Browning's "Bishop Blougram" was not an Anglican prelate, for his directions to my sometime colleague in journalism, Mr. Gigadibs,
>
> Try the cooler jug,
> Put back the other, but don't jog the ice,
>
> are very harrowing. Icing good claret at all is, as has been said, barbarous; but the idea of subjecting it to the processes of alternate freezing, thawing and freezing again is simply Bolshevist.

Saintsbury's specimen "memorable meals" at the end of the book add the crowning period touch. The mere recital of these eleven-course banquets—the magnum of Ch. de Beychevelle '78 with the Meringue Anonyme, the Ch. Léoville Barton '74 matching the Schabzieger Toast—staggers the contemporary Soho claret-drinker.

* * *

My favourite wine story concerns a lunch party of an immoderately well-off Bordelais family. The children were at the table and so was the English nanny; and, of course, all ages had claret in their glasses. The youthful family heir kept on asking for water to drink. After several ineffectual attempts to divert his attention the nurse snapped, "You can't have any water until you've finished up your Mouton Rothschild."

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For instance this Yquem we share,
Bottled in *perfect* condition,
(But must be decanted with care.)

The vine has its own erudition
(Where is Romanée Conti? O where?
Bottled? in perfect condition?)
(But must be decanted with care.)

"No Port!" says my portly physician:
"Even that which the vintners declare:
'Bottled in perfect condition'".
(But must be decanted with care.)

Or seeking a cheaper nutrition,
The little light wines of Sancerre
Bottled in perfect condition.
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"They won't travel"... that gross superstition
Has slandered the wines of Hyeres,
Such is an end of ambition.

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Behold us! your hope and despair—
Bottled! (in perfec' condishun'!).
(But must be decanted with care.)

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Bottled in perfect condition:
(But must be decanted with care.)
Such *is* an end of ambition.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Chief

ALL that is left to an actor after death is his legend; and Beerbohm Tree's has become, I suspect, somewhat tarnished. There are two well-remembered snippets which define it. The first, that real rabbits frisked about the stage in his famous production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The second, his calling out to another actor at rehearsal, "They won't be able to see me from the box. Will that gentleman oblige me by moving out of the way? Thank you. Words please." The archetypal actor-manager, it might appear, to whom the spectacle was more important than the play, and the part—*his* part, of course—more important than anything else.

Both snippets are evidently true, for Mr. Hesketh Pearson* records both in his new biography, and he is an idolator, but they combine to give a false impression. Tree's Shakespeare was at least a great deal nearer Shakespeare's than Irving's, and if the actor-manager had by definition to be the principal draw in his own theatre, Tree was a good deal less selfish than others of his kind. But actors, as they often (not entirely hypocritically) remind us, are only servants of the public. The public wanted spectacle and they wanted Tree; and increasingly he gave in to their demands and approximated to the legend as we now have it. Mr. Hesketh Pearson's book will doubtless serve to extend and broaden the fable, to add picturesque detail. Above all, after reading it we shall think of Tree as an unusually generous character, large and free-giving, witty and lovable. As well as an actor-manager, he was a man of the world; and with his origins—his father came over from Thuringia and settled in the City—he added not a few of those touches of un-English flamboyance which characterised the Edwardian pageant.

Tree's success came partly, no doubt, from his offering at just the right moment just the right contrast to the reigning monarch of the stage, Irving. They were at every point opposites. Tree experienced very few of the early struggles with which Irving had had to contend, whether the struggle with material circumstances or with a difficult and recalcitrant temperament. He was born into a reasonably prosperous merchant family and as a personality was all charm and appeal, while as an actor he was "a natural" with a brilliant gift of mimicry. His performances were the very reverse of Irving's. Irving transformed a part by infusing it with his own personality. Tree (at least at first) transformed his personality by infusing it with the part's. It was the difference, very roughly, between a Gielgud performance and one by Alec Guinness. But above all, to the high Victorian seriousness with which Irving took his art and his profession, Beerbohm Tree opposed an air of light-hearted and flippant haphazardness which better reflected the new age. Discipline at the Lyceum had been notoriously strict. And Irving's birth-pains when creating a part were long and rigorous. Tree's methods were altogether more empirical. He was an instinctive actor who felt his way into his part as he went along. He hardly ever knew his lines by the first night; he was still improvising well on into the run. Indeed by the time the performance had settled into a finished product, he was bored with playing it, and many plays came off long before they need have done because the actor-manager wanted a change. The fun was in the building-up of the character, and Tree relied greatly for that on the inspiration of the moment. "His peculiar faculty," Mr. Hesketh Pearson says, "was for flashes of intuition and observation":

> With Fagin's asthmatic cough he somehow evoked the existence of a fog beyond the window. With the uncouth gestures of Beethoven he made real the spiritual turmoil of the man. With the nervous glances and high quick speech of Richard II he revealed the character more clearly than actors who spoke the lines more effectively. He was able to feel thin and hungry with Gringoire, magnetic and dirty as Svengali, short and stocky as Beethoven. Playing the part of Isodore Izard he could smoke strong cigars that would have made him sick in private life; and as Sir Peter Teazle he took real snuff with relish though off stage a single pinch would have made him sneeze for five minutes. All this was due to his gift for living in a character he had fashioned from the hints of an author, the best moments being his own conception, not the playwright's.

Indeed often enough these "best moments" were positively at variance with the playwright's intentions; when Shaw, for instance, went much against his will to the hundredth performance of *Pygmalion*, he was not, he said, surprised, only disgusted, to see that Tree had hit on a piece of business which supplied that romantic ending which Shaw had been so careful not to put in. Tree was never, Mr. Pearson emphasises, a fully professional actor. The professional actor in this sense founds his character creation on a bedrock of technique so sure that the performance from the first night on is set. Then whatever distractions occur, illness, worry or whatever, he can carry through on his technique alone. Tree never had this technique. His performances varied widely night by night, and once he had reached the inevitable stage of boredom, he relieved the tedium with practical jokes with other members of the cast.

What is surprising is that such a character could create on his stage the large-scale and intricate productions for which he became famous. And indeed his rehearsals by all accounts were a chaotic nightmare:

> All sorts of people wandered about the stage or in and out of the auditorium; no one seemed to know anyone else's business: everyone seemed to interfere in other people's business. There was a lot of bawling and banging. Interruptions were so frequent that a continuance of the rehearsal seemed an interference with the natural order of disturbance. . . . His rehearsals seemed endless to everyone but himself. Oscar Asche, who produced *Ulysses*, said that Tree was never inclined to do much till after midnight. . . . He would look in before lunch for about ten minutes; he next appeared after dinner at nine, rehearsed for two hours, left for supper, turned up again at one in the morning fresh as a lark and said "Come, let's do some *work*." He was nearly always absent when wanted, and absent-minded when present.

The best-chronicled of these turbulent occasions was the famous production of *Pygmalion* in 1914. There were collected together the three giants of the Edwardian theatre for sheer wilfulness, Shaw, Tree and "Mrs. Pat." The intervals when all three were on speaking terms at the same time were noticeably brief. Appalled at the lack of order Shaw virtually took over rehearsals. Twice Mrs. Pat ordered him out of the theatre, twice he picked up his papers and left, twice he returned in answer to the urgent appeals of the rest of the cast. Tree "with his odd combination of sympathy and thoughtlessness, did the most unpardonable things in complete innocence." Shaw was not always the soul of tact ("I say, Tree, must you be so treacly?"):

> At a dress rehearsal he begged Tree to allow others some of the limelight which he had been enjoying for thirty years. "I've stood your insults long enough: I'll have no more of them!" exploded Tree. "Ah now," said Shaw coaxingly. "If you could forget that you are Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree for a moment and step into the part of Professor Higgins, we'd get along splendidly."

What did this delightful, amusing, vain, vague *flâneur* contribute to the theatre, which could stake a claim on posterity? Here I think Mr. Pearson claims too much. Certainly Tree was a cultivated and civilised man by comparison with some of his colleagues (he was, after all, half German). When he produced what he called "hogwash" on his stage, as he not infrequently did, he knew it to be hogwash. He employed what the cultivated (rather than the advanced) taste of his time took to be the best artists and musicians to decorate his productions, an Alma Tadema for his settings, a Hubert Parry or an Edward German for his overtures. He brought to its peak a certain kind of large-scale realistic production (fans of the Bolshoi ballet will have seen the kind of thing it was). He founded the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. He instituted an annual festival of Shakespeare in his theatre. But Mr. Pearson sets himself an impossible task in claiming more for his hero than he deserved or would probably have desired:

> Apart from his unique Shakespeare productions, Tree perceived the genius of Ibsen at a time when the other actors and nearly all the critics were describing his works as a sort of intellectual cloaca, and he appreciated the quality of Maeterlinck's early plays when most English people were laughing at them. . . . Tree recognised the valuable work being done for the stage by Brieux and justly estimated the brilliance and originality of Shaw's comedies long before the Vedrenne-Barker management had popularised them. . . .

The implication here that Tree was something of a pioneer is special pleading, as the record shows. His spectacular Shakespeare was not, like Irving's, Shakespeare chopped up for the main actor's benefit. But he certainly preferred his magnificent display to Shakespeare's text, if it was a question of there not being time for both; and he was not above adding a spectacular scene or two not strictly in the stage directions to make a dazzling show. But to suggest that he had any influence on the future of Shakespearean production comparable with Granville Barker's, or even Poel's, is to stretch a point. He pro-

* *Beerbohm Tree: His Life and Laughter.* By HESKETH PEARSON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

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JONATHAN CAPE

duced, and at intervals reproduced, one Ibsen, *The Enemy of the People* (though he "played Stockmann in a humorous manner that would have surprised Ibsen"—H. P.). But there is no record of his even having toyed with the idea of tackling any of the others. Equally only one Maeterlinck production is listed, and no Brieux. He no doubt justly estimated Shaw's brilliance, and if the Lord Chamberlain had passed the text might have produced *Blanco Posnet* in 1909, but he in fact produced only one Shaw, *Pygmalion*, in 1914, long after the Vedrenne-Barker management had popularised him.

Indeed, among Mr. Hesketh Pearson's many admirable and readable biographies, the Beerbohm Tree must be counted comparatively a failure, lively though it is. He evidently knew his subject too intimately—a great disadvantage in a biographer. This makes him excessively discreet about Tree's very promiscuous sexual life. "All Herbert's affaires," his wife Maude remarked, begin with a compliment and end with a confinement." The subject produces some of Mr. Pearson's less happy prose: "He was exceptionally susceptible to female allurement, and in his case absence made the heart go wander." Female allurement, indeed! The phrase might have come straight out of one of Tree's choicest pieces of hogwash. On the other hand, Mr. Pearson's acquaintance with Tree produces a most diverting last third of the book in which he sheds the biographer and becomes the memorialist. The series of almost verbatim accounts of Tree's rambling, witty, allusive conversations are delightful reading.

One present that Tree indisputably gave posterity was the theatre he had built, His Majesty's. Shaw described is as "quite the handsomest theatre in London; it rises spaciously to the dignity of art." It had been a bold stroke, the taking-over of the dilapidated opera-house opposite the Haymarket and transforming it into the theatre of his dreams at a time when the only capital he could invest in it was his rising, but not yet risen, reputation (it was only after plans were well advanced that his fabulous success as Svengali enabled him to put money into it, too). His theatre, his "beautiful theatre," became from then on the centre of his life. In the dome he had built for himself a "commodious residence," and it was typical that this consisted of a small sitting-room with a bed concealed in the wall and a large "banqueting-hall." For the high Edwardian frolic a banqueting-hall was an essential. There, surrounded by murals depicting scenes from his productions, he escaped from the routine of rehearsals and the ups and downs of home life, and entertained the distinguished artists and politicians who swarmed round the theatrical idols of the day ("Herbert Tree at Dome," his wife wryly commented). "He was happier in his theatre than anywhere else," and, again characteristically of the period, Marienbad was the runner-up. When he came out of his theatre, he nearly always turned round to look at it once again with pride and affection, and observed above it his posters which were said to be the most striking in London; and once, when someone commented on their size, he admitted, "Yes, when I pass my name in such large letters I blush, but at the same time instinctively raise my hat."

T. C. WORSLEY

The Liberal Conscience

The Liberal Tradition: From Fox to Keynes. Edited by ALAN BULLOCK and M. SHOCK. *Black.* 25s.

Does the liberal conscience still count for anything? That was the question I asked myself rather crossly when I thought I had finished with *The Liberal Tradition*. Ill in bed, I had spent most of one day finding fault with the political anthology which Messrs. Bullock and Shock have compiled. Personally, I have always felt at home in the Radical Tradition—from Paine to Foot: and a diet consisting of Benthamism in capsule form, interspersed with potted extracts from Gladstone and Bright, had not stimulated me—even though it was enlivened in the early stages by a few superb examples of Macaulay's parliamentary skill and, towards the end, by one or two specimens of Keynesian elegance. Classical liberalism, whether as political theory or as a practical programme of social reform, is too negative a cause for my taste. Its outrageous assertion that the nation's happiness can best be achieved by pruning government expenditure and removing every inhibition on the accumulation of wealth has proved untrue as a description of fact and disastrous as a guide to action. I still find it puzzling that men as humane as Bright and Gladstone accepted the liberal theory as uncritically as they accepted the New Testament. No wonder the Tory Party was able to recapture popular support in the 1880s! No wonder the Labour Party—fortunately without any established Socialist dogma—took over the leadership of the Left after 1918! Keynes's doctrine of full employment and Beveridge's Welfare State came too late to revive political Liberalism. It was dead by then—of doctrinal anæmia.

If I had written this review as soon as I put *The Liberal Tradition* down a fortnight ago, that might have been my last word. But since then anyone who is not tone-deaf to public opinion must realise that there is a stirring in the valley of dry bones. Whether the Prime Minister's action in regard to Egypt and the United Nations succeeds or fails is immaterial to my argument. What he has done is suddenly to rouse the liberal conscience from the grave. In University common-rooms, in London clubs, in chapels and Women's Institutes, men and women have been shocked out of their acquiescent apathy in 1956, just as they were shocked in 1935 by the Hoare-Laval Pact—or in 1886 by Disraeli's "realistic" reaction to the Bulgarian atrocities.

One of the virtues of Messrs. Bullock and Shock's anthology is that it illustrates very clearly the strange history of this liberal conscience, and warns the politician never to jump to the conclusion that it has ceased to count. Liberal theory was always permitted to dominate domestic politics, stifling the liberal conscience in the name of liberty. But in international affairs the opposite has happened. Here liberal conscience has prevailed over liberal theory, and views have been expressed by politicians and writers that would be dismissed as sheer sentimentality if applied to home affairs. That power politics are wicked and must be subjugated to the rule of law; that Britain must stand for applying morality in international affairs and, in particular, for helping small peoples to achieve their independence; that rich and fortunate nations have an obligation to raise up the backward colonial peoples; that the elector everywhere wants peace if only the politicians will allow it; that what we British above all hate is a bully who breaks the law—these are the essential components of the liberal tradition in foreign policy, formulated and reformulated by successive critics of Tory realism. This essentially moral protest against the evils of power politics has been expressed in strikingly similar language by Fox and Lord John Russell, by Cobden and Bright, by Gladstone and Acton, by Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, by Grey and Gilbert Murray. In 1956, whether they recognise it or not, its spokesmen are Hugh Gaitskell and Aneurin Bevan—as well as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I must admit that I myself can understand why Tory Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries are driven frantic by the intermittent irruptions into practical politics of this liberal conscience. Though the ends it seeks are clear, it has no settled view of the means to be employed. Opposed to power politics, suspicious of alliances, and in favour of disarmament, it will yet agitate for armed intervention against powerful tyrants. Anxious to help the colonial peoples, it talks now in terms of trusteeship and now of rapid self-determination. Determined to abolish war, it can never make up its mind whether it believes in the collaboration of sovereign nations or the abolition of sovereignty by World Government. The liberal conscience seldom provides a categoric imperative for the British government—do this, not that, because this alone is right. What it usually does is to remain dormant until the government is deeply committed to its *Realpolitik*, and only to protest when the moral policies of which it approves have become impracticable. That is why, when men take office who, in Opposition, have expressed the liberal protest, they sometimes cannot avoid doing the very things of which they disapprove. For the liberal tradition in international affairs is not an alternative policy, but a protest against the excesses of traditional British policy. And the basis of that protest has always been the pacifist assumption that the evil in the world can be got rid of by willing it away.

No wonder that members of our Foreign Service are taught that the liberal conscience is only safe when half asleep. No wonder every Tory Premier is irked at the need of placating the stage-army of the good, with its sermonising protests and busy-body curiosity about facts he believes are best left suppressed. Nothing is easier than the provision of realistic grounds first for despising, and then for disregarding the liberal conscience as a factor in British politics. For years on end it seems to have become a toothless time-server, obedient to its master's voice. And then, suddenly, Tory realism exceeds the bounds and shocks public opinion. Suddenly the liberal conscience emerges rejuvenated and magisterial—a power in the electoral land.

But the Tories have one consolation. The irruptions of the liberal conscience into our politics are usually of short duration: The British people can feel morally indignant for a few weeks, during which they will write letters to their M.P.s and even take part in demonstrations. But moral indignation wears off very rapidly in this country—unless the Opposition presents the electorate with a constructive alternative to conniving at the government's wrongdoing. By itself, a liberal conscience is a flabby, fleshy thing, and it is only when it is attached to the hard bone-structure of a workable policy that it becomes a formidable threat to Tory *Realpolitik*.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Tragic Humanist

The Human Prospect. By LEWIS MUMFORD. Edited by HARRY T. MOORE and KARL W. DEUTSCH. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

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The Human Prospect, an anthology of Mr. Mumford's writings, has been put together by the editors specially for English readers from work which has, by and large, not appeared before in this country. *From the Ground Up* is a selection from Mumford's essays in "The Sky Line" department of *The New Yorker*, essays on new buildings and new developments in city planning in New York. They show us the Mumford we probably think of first, Mumford the brilliant architectural journalist who is always a journalist-with-a-difference in much the same way as Mr. Edmund Wilson is always a book-reviewer-with-a-difference. It is scarcely possible to read a review of Wilson's without being conscious at the same time of the major work with which it is somehow linked, *Axel's Castle*, *To the Finland*

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Crime

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SECKER & WARBURG

Station or the book on the American Civil War which he is now writing. Similarly, one cannot read Mumford on the U.N. building, new housing projects or the problem of New York's traffic without being aware that these articles are from the pen of the man who so magisterially surveyed, in *The Culture of Cities* and *Technics and Civilization*, "the basic principles upon which our human environment—buildings, neighbourhoods, cities, regions—may be renovated".

The architectural journalist, then, is merely one aspect of Mumford the whole man, and the value of *The Human Prospect* is that it introduces us to the whole man. This Mumford is a very American figure: he is in the main line of descent from Crèvecoeur through Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. Like them, he is a prophet. He has a vision of the good life and a vision of America; the two are not identical but they are very closely connected. In one of the most interesting of the essays in this collection, he writes:

> It was to America that the outcast Europeans turned, without a Moses to guide them, to wander in the wilderness; and here they have remained in exile, not without an occasional glance, perhaps, of the promised land.

The vision, therefore, is essentially critical in spirit, critical of what Americans have made of America, which is almost to say what Western man has made of the Western world. "The groups," he writes of the immigrants to America, that had most completely shaken off the old symbolisms were those that were most ready for the American adventure: they turned themselves easily to the mastery of the external environment. To them matter alone mattered.

In those words Mumford sums up one side of America and the American spirit. Mumford himself is the historian of man's mastery of the external environment; in *The Human Prospect* there is a wonderfully brilliant chapter from *Technics and Civilization* on the relation between the clock and the machine, with the suggestive thesis that it was the monastic life of the Middle Ages that first gave "human enterprise the regular collective beat and rhythm of the machine". But Mumford has always been critical of the machine, or rather, has always sought to counter-balance it with the principle Henry Adams symbolised in the figure of the Virgin. Here again, *The Human Prospect* is valuable because it shows where the compensating impulse in Mumford comes from. There are extracts from his novel and three poems—enough to tell us that Mumford is not a novelist and only an amateur poet. Nevertheless, it is quite certainly from the experience of art that he derives the principle to which the machine—technics—must be subordinated if there is to be anything like civilisation. Writing books on Melville has become one of America's leading literary heavy industries: Mumford's book on Melville was a pioneer work and it remains one of the best, as the chapter on *Moby Dick*, reprinted in the collection, shows. For Mumford, *Moby Dick* is

> one of the first great mythologies to be created in the modern world, created, that is, out of the stuff of that world, its science, its exploration, its terrestrial daring, its concentration upon power and domination over nature, and not out of ancient symbols.

In a sense, the importance of *Moby Dick* to Mumford is in its dramatisation of what happens to man when "matter alone matters". And along with this chapter from his *Melville* must be placed, I think, as especially significant to the understanding of Mumford, his essay in this volume on Renoir. For Mumford, Renoir's value is not so much aesthetic as moral:

> In a civilisation impoverished by abstractions—progress, the machine, the state, financial power, imperialist exploitation—Renoir renewed the natural appetites; he turned men's eyes toward bread and wine and sunlight and sex, the sources and symbols of life.

Mumford is a tragic humanist, and it is from the standpoint of the tragic humanist ("Not tame and gentle bliss, but disaster, heroically encountered, is man's true happy ending") that he criticises and preaches at contemporary society. The remarkable thing is that his criticism, his calls to repentance, take the form they do: the analysis of urban environments. As a prophet, he is at his best and most convincing when he is analysing the implications in human terms of what seems at first a severely technical problem, such as the proposal to erect a super-skyscraper on the site occupied by Grand Central Station. When he deals with the great problem *in vacuo*, the hydrogen bomb, for example, in "Program for Survival", he can only tell us that "Power must become the willing servant of love" and that "each individual must dedicate himself to his own self-improvement". Amen to that—and as we read, the surface of our minds is scarcely dented. But with the specific problem, how admirable he is, how searching in his diagnosis of the causes of the problem, how illuminating, how eloquent and how wise!

WALTER ALLEN

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NELSON

Embarras de Duchesse

Marcel Proust and Deliverance from Time. By GERMAINE BRÉE. Preface by ANGUS WILSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

During the last ten years, interest in Proust has been greater than ever before, at any rate in this country; but it has not meant a genuine literary interest in his masterpiece. There has been a terrible lot of piffle-talk about which duchess was whom, and a fair amount of solemnity in metaphysical terms about Proust and Time: but since Fernandez and Feuillerat, not much has been written about the structure of the work itself. Mr. Angus Wilson, in commending Mme Brée's study to our attention, suggests that the number of people who could tell one the name of Albertine's aunt or the favourite composers of the elder Mme Cambremer is probably large; and that the number of people who can place Robert de Montesquiou or Laure Hayman is large also. The first statement is the only one, in an invigorating preface, about which one feels disinclined to agree. The number of people who have read the whole novel more than once, and who could therefore answer a simple quiz, is probably far smaller than Mr. Wilson thinks. Paradoxically enough, the quickening of talk about Proust himself has led to a lessening of talk about the book. It is beginning to be taken as read.

And, of course, it has not been read, very thoroughly, by very many. It is the target of endless misconceptions: that it is a "difficult" philosophical work (it is not "difficult" in any sense other than a demand for the reader's full attention and imagination), that it is constructed "in a circle" (which it is not, as Mme Brée demonstrates without fuss), that it is full of chronological trickery in the same sense as, say, *Eyeless in Gaza* (which it is not, the story, after the "flashback" opening, being perfectly straightforward in time), that there isn't a story at all, and that it is entirely about homosexuality.

Mme Brée, leading the reader through from the defeat of the beginning to the sunburst of triumph at the end, has the wit and sympathy to treat it as an extraordinary "ordinary" novel. Also, she distinguishes with excellent cool sense between what is "universal" for us in Proust, and what is purely subjective, drawn out of a nature with incommunicable darknesses of its own. Even if one would not lose a word of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* and would resist with horror any idea of a potted Proust, with Albertine, perhaps, *disparue* totally, it is impossible not to agree with Mme Brée that the entire *Captive* episode is fantasticated so far as to bring it out of tone with the work as a whole. She is extremely perceptive on this subject, though she rather surprisingly fails to note the oddities of the actual physical relationship between Marcel and Albertine, which was dwelt on to some effect by M. Charles Briand in his otherwise insufferable work, *Le Secret de Marcel Proust*.

Some of her most illuminating remarks, such as the one concerning Mme Verdurin's potentialities, if she were transferred to a point in time later than the actual period of the novel, or concerning the relation between the passions of Charlus and the enigmatic passions of the mediæval Courts of Love, have already been made elsewhere; but there is no book on Proust's novel, for years past, so lucid or so inviting as this one.

The main points made by Mme Brée are so simple they should hardly need saying: but they do. They are: that the book is a "success story," making a "joyous denial" of the double void between the past and the future; that in art, life may be preserved in all its brilliance and so triumph over death; that in Proust's belief, there exists in every individual "a general humanness which is greater than he, but of which he is a unique specimen;" and that the aesthetics of the novel are based upon a general human truth, and not upon any subjective metaphysic.

This is the kind of critical study that, like some of Mr. Edmund Wilson's, seems to push open a door for others more intricate in detail and greater in depth. (Now that the bad habit of ignoring Proust's work has been broken, one might perhaps even look forward to some post-Bradleian analysis of character.) But Mme Brée's book is not intended as an introduction to *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. It is expressly for the reader already familiar with the novel, who is anxious to read it again with a fuller mastery of Proust's intention. She has done for Proust's work what it is high time somebody did for Dickens's: taken a good look at it.

Marcel Proust and Deliverance from Time is very decently translated by C. J. Richards and A. D. Truitt, except for Mr. Richards's rendering of Proust's own text, which he has roughened badly, and deprived of prose-rhythm. Unless there is any sharp textual reason for divergence, it is always wiser to stay with the familiar Scott-Moncrieff and Hudson.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Fear of the Best

A Case of Samples: Poems 1946-1956. By KINGSLEY AMIS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Readers of Mr. Amis's novels will probably have been puzzled where to draw the line between what I may call Lucky Jim-ism and pure Amis. Jim-ism is the embodiment of the chip-on-the-shoulder school. Jim is vaguely but oppressively aware of all that is fake and windy in the presentment of art, civilisation, civility, the liberal outlook; superior voices seem to be "getting at" him from a thousand tasteful pedestals; and so, as we all know, he contumaciously rejects not only the voices but the (presumable) realities they stand for. To Jim, for instance, nothing could be more excruciatingly boring and phoney than a week-end of family music-making in the country; while to those whose shoulders are less definitely chipped this may on the contrary appear a civilised occasion, and the contrast between the admittedly futile and bumbling performers, and the elegant precision of the Mozart or Purcell which they evoke into sound, heartening rather than the reverse. But the question as to how far Mr. Amis is himself a subscriber to Jim-ism remains open.

On the other hand it can hardly be supposed that Mr. Amis has hired Jim to write his poems. Here, at any rate, we must have Amis pure. Does the ghost of Jim still lurk? Yes, though to a less extent, I think it does. The very title links the poet with that ostensibly most prosaic of occupations, commercial travelling. The phrase itself is drawn from a poem called *A Song of Experience* in which the poet has met a "traveller" in a pub, "And let him tell of women he had known." There were a number of these:

> He tried all colours, white and black and coffee;
> Though quite a few were chary, more were bold;
> Some took it like the host, some like a toffee;
> The two or three who wept were soon consoled.

Mr. Amis goes on to favourably contrast his promiscuously habile traveller with certain (he would suppose dimmer) others:

> What Blake presaged, what Lawrence took a stand on,
> What Yeats locked up in fable, he performed.
>
> And so he knew, where we can only fumble,
> Wildly in daydreams, vulgarly in art. . . .

"Art" in this cheerfully Philistine view is only a pale reflection of "Life," and a pound of cheesecake in a Station Hotel worth all of Shakespeare's sonnets any day.

Similarly in his charming *A Dream of Fair Women*, where the poet makes an endearing ass of himself by describing "wildly in daydream" a small room where a squadron of pretty ladies press their bodies upon him (this sort of thing is catered for by a number of establishments in most capital cities, incidentally), Mr. Amis asks:

> Who would choose any feasible ideal
> In here and now's giant circumference,
> If that small room were real?
>
> Only the best.

Only the best. "The best" is essentially what this poetry refuses to take into account.

Is it irrelevant to discuss the *content* of this volume as though it were prose? Is Mr. Amis's apotheosis of the mediocre any more pertinent to the enjoyment or otherwise of his poetry than, say, Dante's belief in eternal damnation? I think it is, and this is because Mr. Amis is not really a "poet" but an extremely accomplished and readable versifier. This is not intended to be derogatory. For various quite specious reasons Mr. Amis has become linked in the common reader's mind with the *terza rima*, post-Empsonian school of poets. This seems wrong. They on the whole are "poets", though with certain honourable exceptions they tend to be remarkably poor ones. Mr. Amis, on the other hand, is one of our best writers of purely contemporary "light verse"—though compilers of "light verse" anthologies may not recognise it as such: and, compared with a poor poet, that is an entirely superior animal. He is intelligent, alert, technically inven-

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tive, the accomplished and conscientious craftsman that "light verse" demands. I may add that however much those of a different persuasion may quarrel with Mr. Amis's sentiments, the honesty and charm of their expression must preclude any quarrel with the person of the poet himself.

HILARY CORKE

Who Killed the Drummonds?

The Dominici Affair. By JEAN GIONO. *Museum Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

During the night of August 4-5, 1952, Sir Jack and Lady Drummond, and their daughter Elizabeth, were murdered near Lurs in the Haute Provence. The local police behaved with unbelievable stupidity, and by the time Inspector Sébeille, who was placed in charge of the case, arrived on the spot, all the bodies had been removed and the scene of the crime had been trampled over by a horde of local peasants. From this initial disadvantage, Sébeille never recovered. He was never able to establish the exact timing or location of the crimes, or the ownership of the lethal weapon. He assumed that the murderer was a member of a ramifying peasant family called Dominici; but he was unable to prevent them from concerting their evidence among themselves before he interrogated them separately. Without exception, all proved unsatisfactory witnesses and committed systematic and demonstrable perjury; but owing to a French law which permits a witness to refuse the oath if a member of his family is the defendant, Sébeille was unable to exercise legal sanctions against them.

Faced with these formidable obstacles, and under fearsome pressure from the press and his own superiors, Sébeille resorted to what he called "psychological technique." He was not equipped for this task, since he had no professional training in psychology, was not gifted with unusual intelligence, and had no knowledge of the local countryside or its people. Eventually, after a reconstruction of the crime which was later proved to be inaccurate in several important respects, and after many hundred hours of questioning and "confrontation" of various Dominicis, two of them, Gustave and Clovis, confessed that their father, Gaston, had committed the murders; thus betrayed, he confessed also. But both he and Gustave subsequently withdrew their confessions, and during the trial Clovis was the only member of the family who bore witness against his father. His assertions were thus the basis of the prosecution's case against Gaston, for though a formidable *dossier* on the crime was presented to the court, the only other evidence against him was purely circumstantial; indeed, the *dossier* included a number of material facts—which the court made little attempt to elucidate—which seemed to point to his innocence. Nevertheless, he was duly convicted by a majority verdict of a jury consisting of the judge, his two professional assistants and six jurymen. It is believed that a majority of the jurymen voted in his favour.

The trial, even by French standards, was unusual. From the first moment, the judge made it plain that he was convinced that Gaston was guilty. He bullied the defendant mercilessly, encouraged hostile witnesses, sided openly with prosecuting counsel, and on one occasion he deliberately adjourned proceedings at a crucial moment when it appeared that the truth was at last about to emerge. A large number of experienced journalists attended the trial; without exception, they declared that, while reserving their opinion as to Gaston's guilt or innocence, the evidence presented to the court was inadequate to secure a conviction. The case aroused a storm of criticism in France and Gaston, though sentenced to death, was not executed. He remains in prison and the case is still under investigation. Some months after the trial, the French Ministry of Justice introduced a number of minor reforms in investigatory and court procedure.

Among those who attended the trial was the French novelist Jean Giono. As a young man he had worked in the Haute Provence as a travelling agent selling government securities to the peasants. Whilst engaged in this unenviable task, he acquired a deep understanding of the mentality of the Haute Provence peasant, and the stories he afterwards wrote established him as the leading authority on the region. Not surprisingly, a prominent French magazine asked Giono to cover the trial. I was not, at the time, impressed by the articles he wrote: his all-too-obvious attempts to extract literary values and artistic paradoxes out of a human tragedy appeared distasteful. They are not improved by publication in book form, despite their skilful translation by Peter de Mendelssohn, who also provides an excellent introduction; one remains shocked.

This, of course, would not matter if Giono's central thesis—that only one who understands the local countryside and its inhabitants can hope to understand the crime—would bear examination. But his homilies on life in the Haute Provence and his comments on the accused and the witnesses, though admirably written and often wise, do not bring us any nearer to the solution of the mystery; if anything, they confuse us. This error of approach was undoubtedly shared by the authorities, above all by Sébeille himself; indeed, it was reported at the time that at the outset of his inquiry he had "cleared his mind" by reading all Giono's novels. In consequence, what should have been a systematic and factual police investigation acquired metaphysical overtones; and the physical facts of the case were pushed further and further into the background. Gaston was tried and convicted because Sébeille and the judge, by a process of inductive logic, had arrived at the conclusion that he was the murderer. Had Sébeille approached the case with an open mind and concentrated his efforts on establishing the ownership of the lethal weapon—the real key to the mystery—it is just possible that he might have solved it. As it happened, however, all that he could lay against Gaston was his personal conviction, and when it came to the point French public opinion decided that this was not an adequate reason for executing him. Now it is too late. The murderer is still alive; but his identity is unlikely to be discovered until the death of one or more of the Dominici family opens the lips of the survivors.

PAUL JOHNSON

Monk and Missionary

The Third Eye. By LOBSANG RAMPA. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

God's Fool. By GEORGE PATTERSON. *Faber.* 18*s.*

It is a long time since two such interesting books appeared, or books that set each other off so beautifully. Lobsang Rampa is the assumed name of a Tibetan lama, child of noble parents, whose future as a surgeon-monk was decided for him by astrologers on his seventh birthday; and here he describes the training he received at the lamasery of Chakpuri outside Lhasa, famed for its harsh discipline, and the amazing initiations he underwent in the ten years of his apprenticeship. Mr. Patterson opens his book with the words: "I am a man with a passion for God": a Scot and a fanatical Bible Christian, he felt in his early twenties a call to go and preach the Gospel in Tibet, a call that with impressive faith and a joyous acceptance of hardship and sacrifice he at once obeyed.

It would be a memorable encounter if these two men could only debate their points of view, with the benign if garrulous shade of the Abbé Huc in the chair. Both dedicated to the life of the spirit, both followers of a Way, they are set as far apart as mortals can be: indeed, they have little in common but a certain naivety and their hatred of Communism. Despite a somewhat touchy insistence on the mental and moral superiority of Tibetans—a characteristic of backward and impoverished peoples—Lobsang Rampa's philosophy is the more gracious, as his personality is the more attractive. Seeking the good of all in the enlightenment of the one, he does not condemn or exclude outright the truths of others, seeing them rather, as orthodox Buddhists also do, as provisional and incomplete. Mr. Patterson, on the other hand, knows exactly what is what and he means the rest of the world to know it too. For him, while he recognises the devout nature of the Tibetan man and woman, their beliefs are error and superstition, their lamas (with whom he apparently lumps the inferior monks who cannot properly be so described) cunning and greedy tricksters.

A revealing passage describes how he and his colleague dropped, uninvited, into a Tibetan house and came on some old women and a man chanting together their prayer *Om! Mane Padme Hum.* "The sight that met our eyes was like some hellish exaggeration of the *Macbeth* witches' scene," he writes:

> the atmosphere was oppressive with the immanence of evil . . . I joined George in prayer, praying as I had never prayed before, that the powers of hell would be set at naught in that place, for this was indeed a conflict of spiritual powers in heavenly places. This was only a reflection of the elemental battle going on in the universe all the time. . . .

It is a curious thing that, while Mr. Patterson's aim undeniably was to bring the peace and joy of Christ to dwellers in darkness, to read after this a few pages of Lobsang Rampa is like passing from a gloomy wood into a warm sunny meadow.

Happily we need not be in full sympathy with Mr. Patterson's ideas to enjoy and admire his work. The descriptive writing is splendid: the grandeurs and desolations of the Tibetan scene, the terrifying journeys over mountain and across precipice, the gallops on half-wild horses, the warm-hearted explosive people and their customs, ceremonies and entertainments, are drawn with immense vitality. Here and there he shows a

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delightfully mischievous sense of fun, as when the lamas forbade him on religious grounds to kill lice; and he countered by saying in that case he could not, in conscience, treat them for tapeworm. All in all its literary merit, and the author's strange heroic story, make this a fine, engrossing book.

In a discreet foreword the publishers of *The Third Eye* withhold their guarantee from some of the marvellous statements contained therein; and since, as the author urbanely implies, such things as levitation, "racing," astral travel and the clairvoyant interpretation of auras are beyond the compass of the western mind, there is no need to discuss them. Even the crudest of us, however, can appreciate the brilliant descriptions of monastery life and the portraits, sympathetic or pleasantly wicked, of the various persons the young neophyte encountered, from the Dalai Lama downwards. There is a dream-like quality about some of the writing as if he were not fully participating in the events, which comes out especially in his account of disaster. Of a monk lost kite-flying on a mountain peak he writes:

> We saw his other hand flailing, vainly trying to get a grip, then the kite bobbed, and he lost his hold and went tumbling end over end down the rocks five thousand feet below, his robe whipping and fluttering like a blood-red cloud—

and goes on to remark "The proceedings were a little dampened by this occurrence". One of the most interesting chapters is on Tibetan belief, in which the divergences from Buddhism are clearly and simply explained, and another on the different herbs of healing that the lamas, at the risk of their lives, gathered in mountainous regions all but inaccessible. The lama deserves high praise for having written so vivid and lively a book in a language not his own: it is impossible to read him without pleasure.

HONOR TRACY

New Novels

The Loving Eye. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Nun's Story. By KATHRYN HULME. *Muller.* 15*s.*

Bedlam. By ANDRÉ SOUBIRAN. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*

Wife Apparent. By DORNFORD YATES. *Ward Lock.* 15*s.*

"The dear public," wrote George Eliot in her notebook—*à propos* of Sterne's capricious story-telling—"would do well to reflect that they are often bored from the want of flexibility in their own minds. They are like the topers of one liquor." A most useful injunction I suggest you repeat it to yourself before starting on a book by one of those difficult writers, one to whom you are allergic. It engenders the correct receptive mood. It has helped me with William Sansom, hitherto one of my least favourite novelists. In *The Loving Eye*, I see him prowling the London suburbs of the nineteen-fifties like a prose-Gongora. Some of his affectations seem to me to belong properly to poetry where they would be accepted as conceits, rather than to fiction where they diffuse the humanist interest, but he is less introverted than he used to be. You feel he is beginning to see a bit of life at last.

The story is about Matthew Ligne, a middle-aged dilettante recovering from some sort of breakdown, still cherishing an ulcer and some eczema (novelists now use psychosomatic symptoms freely like stage properties). Minutely studying from his window the back-garden flora and fauna, noticing every cat's whisker, not missing a single shopping-basket, he becomes obsessed with Lily, a young girl who has just moved into her raffish sister's house. Later, via his amanuensis, Leslie Lovelace, a hearty hypomanic out-of-work actor, he meets them both. After a surprising amount of action, some of it quite violent, with boozing and brawling, including a fight between two drabs, too elaborately described, and some nonsense with a bow and arrow, the idyll ends

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happily. Some of the characterisation is unconvincing. Mr. Sansom is such a whole-hogging metaphysical, so profuse with his metaphors, that by the time he has finished describing an ageing night-club hostess you are left with the impression of a cross between a steam-engine and a scent spray rather than a female hominid. But the ambience is pleasing, and his new vein of sentiment promising.

The Nun's Story is a straightforward biographical novel, a documentary rooted fairly firmly in fact. Its heroine is "Sister Luke", a Belgian nursing-sister. You follow her through her novitiate via a spell in a mental hospital to a hospital in the Belgian Congo, where she works with an atheist Italian doctor and contracts tuberculosis, and back to Belgium in time for the German invasion. She takes part in the Resistance movement against the wishes of her Superiors and finally gets released from her vows. The description of convent life is remarkably vivid and sympathetic. Characters emerge quite clearly and distinctly, despite the uniformity of hood and coif. The peculiar spiritual purpose of the discipline is carefully stressed and explained, with the emphasis correctly placed on Charity. Sister Luke is told that she is too much inclined towards "singularisation". We rationalist anti-totalitarians prefer to call it individuality enlightened by a little common sense. For instance, it is a fault when she uses her personality to train a team of Negro surgical dressers.) But the balance between this world and the next is so nicely preserved that you read on, groaning with ambivalence. There is singularly little vulgarisation, though I can foresee a vast super-film emerging, with the Italian doctor's part greatly enlarged and many a sweaty scene in the Congolese operating-theatre. It is probably being scripted at this moment. The fact that the dear public will not be bored for a single second by this one does not detract for an instant from the book's merit.

Dr. Soubiran is a French Dr. Cronin who specialises in medical documentaries. In *Bedlam* he has rolled all his sweetness up into one ball and concentrated on a terrific exposure of a French Broadmoor. Told by the one sane patient in a ward of psychotics and psychopaths, with no holds or horrors barred, it gives you a pretty hideous picture, lit by an occasional flash of the wild poetry of insanity and relieved by unexpected human touches. Yet it fails to impress. Dr. Soubiran, setting out to be scrupulously factual *and* to give his readers a ghoulish treat *and* to expose abuses, has left out the vital narrative spark.

Connoisseurs of Dornford Yates should clear a nook for *Wife Apparent* in the Welsh dresser which they reserve for the master's later work. Several of the old repetition-compulsions are there: a singularly beautiful sister, loss of memory, sacrifice of a lady's reputation. Newer elements include a cockney housekeeper, utterly devoted, who takes over Berry's function of keeping the ladies in fits of laughter. There is also an obsession with an elm-tree which represents a new high in whimsy, and some retired menservants whose constant service of the antique world makes Adam seem like a teddy-boy. That mysterious technique results in readability compelling as ever. Ecstasy guaranteed. A definitive study must be made.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Last Stand

Death on the Prairie. By PAUL I. WELLMAN. *Foulsham.* 18*s.*

Long Lance. By CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When John Ford made a "western" about a Comanche war-party—*The Searchers*—in which the first scene is a homestead set, of all unlikely places, in Monument Valley, most of the audience could be forgiven for accepting the sub-title which declares this to be Texas. Movie producers have taken so many liberties with the history and the geography of the West that no one really knows, or cares, when or where one of these Indian fights is taking place. The West has been turned into a vast arena, in which cowboys, Indians, settlers and troops of the U.S. 5th and 7th Cavalry fight for the entertainment of the front stalls and the profit of Hollywood. Few of us, I suppose, could say which was Sioux country, which Crow, Blackfeet or Apache, or when each of these tribes made its last stand against the waggon trains, the railroads, the barbed-wire fences and the new, gold-and-land-hungry culture that steadily pushed forward into their traditional hunting-grounds.

The Indian wars, desperate, tragic and ultimately futile, are an unhappy though glamorous part of American history. The Indian never had a chance of winning them: he could fight a short campaign; he could make himself a serious nuisance; but westward lay the course of empire and there was no hope of a compromise. The white American wanted gold, silver and land. The Indian wanted to be left alone. And he had always to choose between useless resistance and complete capitulation, between being killed and being swindled. And he was driven steadily back, first from the Appalachians, then across the Mississippi, then out of the Plains to make his last stand in the broken ranges of the Rockies. It is with this last phase—the period on which most of Hollywood's effort has concentrated—that Mr. Wellman is concerned: the thirty years' war for possession of territory that is now Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado and the Texas panhandle.

Throughout this struggle, the odds were against the Indian. He was poorly armed; he moved and fought encumbered by his women, children, ponies and dogs; and he never achieved either unity or the ability to conduct a coherent and sustained operation. Against him were modern weapons, the telegraph and the railway, soldiers who had fought in the Civil War and who had learnt the tricks of Indian fighting the hard way. And, each year, the forts went up, the townships grew, and the tide of settlers was turning the balance of numbers against him. The real tribute to the Indian is the fact that he held out so long. And he could have held out longer but for three fatal weaknesses. First, it was impossible to organise a general Indian war, in which all the tribes rose together and accepted single leadership. The legacy of inter-tribal war was too strong: the Americans could often count on neutrality, even active help, from one tribe against another. Secondly, almost all the Indian wars were negative. The tribe fought in protest against being moved, against a broken treaty, against the loss of its game and buffalo. They could never hope to win. The greatest victory only meant that the inevitable was delayed for a few years. And, finally, continual movement weakened and destroyed any tribe on the war-path. It lost its sources of food, its villages, its ponies. There always came a point when, like the Nez Percé after a march of two thousand miles and a series of battles, there was nothing left but to make a last doomed stand.

In Mr. Wellman's book, this story is told clearly and with sympathy: though he recognises the cruelty of these wars on both sides, he shows clearly why the Indians fought. No one can read his account of the march of Nez Percé, trying merely to break through 5,000 troops to reach the safety of the Canadian frontier, without admiring the genius of their leader, Chief Joseph, or the bravery of a tribe that had always got on well with the white man until their land was grabbed for its mineral wealth. Of their 300 warriors only 87 lived to surrender in the Bear Paw mountains. There was, too, that terrible last flight of the Cheyenne, choosing the risks of a 1,000-mile trek from the reservation to their old home rather than starve as "wards" of the U.S. government—a flight that ended in the last charge of the remnant, three men, one with an empty pistol and the other two with knives, facing 300 rifles.

Chief Long Lance's autobiography is an admirable complement to Mr. Wellman's history. For in this book, now republished in a stiffback, though available in a Corgi pocket-book, an Indian chief who adapted himself so successfully that he became a journalist in Canada, recalls his childhood among the Blackfeet. And he was born just as the campaigns that Mr. Wellman describes were coming to an end. This book rings true: no outsider could explain so clearly how the Indians felt, what it was like to be the loser of a war that was final, that left the Indians for ever a conquered people, the strangers in their own land. The conquest of the United States was one occasion when imperialism would never have to reckon with national resurgence.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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Short Stories

Walter de la Mare's *Ghost Stories*, with lithographs by Barnett Freedman, have been published by the Folio Society (21s.), and Collins Classics (6s. 6d. each) now include a volume of Henry James stories (*The Turn of the Screw, Aspern Papers*, and seven others) and *76 Short Stories* of Saki. In Penguins there is a volume of Poe's *Selected Tales* (3s. 6d.) and twenty Damon Runyon stories, *Guys and Dolls* (2s. 6d.). For the World's Classics, Derek Hudson has edited a second volume of *Modern English Short Stories* (Oxford, 6s.); Macmillans have a second volume of *Winter's Tales* (16s.)—twelve illustrated stories. Other collections are: *Pick of Today's Short Stories* (Putnam, 15s.); *Best Flying Stories*, edited by J. W. R. Taylor (Faber, 15s.); *Saturday Evening Post Stories* 2 (Elek, 16s.); *World Prize Stories*, second series (Odhams, 16s.); *Tehilla and Other Israeli Tales* (Abelard-Schuman, 18s.); *Did It Happen?* stories from the *Evening Standard* (Oldbourne Press, 8s. 6d.).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,393

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for the Telly's view of its audience, expressed in not more than 12 lines of verse. Entries by November 20.

Result of No. 1,390

Set by Bacchus

Of recent years wines and spirits formerly encountered only in their countries of origin have been brought into circulation. The usual prizes are offered for a Tippler's Song mentioning at least two of the following: mead, vodka, arak, elderberry/dandelion/cowslip wine, slivovic, barack, schnapps. Limit 12 lines.

Report

An Arak in my morning tea—
How different looks the world to me!

sang Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, and it does look as if competitors had stretched out their hands for the appropriate bottles before setting pen to paper. Certainly it would not be for the first time that songs composed in a fine bacchic frenzy turned out, when read cold sober, to have lost their sparkle and fire. A few stray sparks remained—in Esmé Kelly's *Sing Hiccup:*

Arak looks like detergent though its power is
emergent as soon as it reaches your waist,

in P. M.'s panegyric on Mead:

And we'll all live as long as the Ven'rable Bede
on MEAD!

and A. M. P.'s sad ditty of the underprivileged:

In Cambridge town the Chancellors take
Joly, joly mead for the stomach's sake.
While we pore fen-men who have naught to dine
Must drink a stoup of elderberry wine.

Honourable mention to them, to Gloria Prince for her *Vodkarousal*, Jim Parrott ("The man who brought the slivovic to Bedford"), D. McRitchie, E. S. Lewis. First prize of three guineas to Xinna; a guinea and a half each to A. Peter Ruderman and Margaret Hicks.

Before the Volga flowed to Rye, we drank our Beer and Gin;
The Brewers and the Gordons made the Flying English Inn.
In urban Booths the roving youths plied maids with Nip and Dash;
In rambling shires the rolling squires sat Scotching Haig and Splash.
The Tio, it was Pepe, and the Cockburn, it was Red,
The night we went to Merrydown by way of Beachy Head.

We drank the Elderberry, and the Mead at Marazion;
We sank the Sussex Cider, and we downed the Dandelion.
But now the Vodka's in the Rye: the urban Bourbon's frappé;
In reeling shires they rock 'n' roll on Slivovic, Schnapps-happy.
But oh, my friends, there's still good Ale, and Bitter Beer, and Sherry,
Before we go to Graham Greene by way of Bloody Mary.

XINNA

Come gather round the bar, lads, for closing time is near,
The barman out of whisky, no time to sip your beer,
But here's a fiery spirit to clear your addled wits—
Sing *ziveli* and *ziveli* and down your slivovic!

Who cares for ale and porter, for mead or metheglin?
We'll have a stronger liquor to toast the ladies in.
So fill up with Steinhäger—the barman says it's tops—
Sing *Prosit* and *Prosit* and down another Schnapps!

Who cares for port or sherry when time is almost up?
Let's have the best of all, lads, to fill the stirrup-cup.
So one more for the roads, lads, before we say ta-ta,
Sing водка and водка, как раз та для меня!

A. PETER RUDERMAN

THE BARCHESTER DRINKING SONG

Trip, trip, trip little Curate
Around with the Canon's best dandelion wine.
Sip, sip, sip Mr. Vicar,
Preferment intoxicates more than the vine.

Roll, roll, roll Mr. Rector
The Dean's elderberry around on your tongue.
Toll, toll, toll Mr. Deacon,
Let praises of clerical Bacchus be sung.

Slow, slow, slow My Lord Bishop,
The Palace's cowslip is known to be fine.
Know, know, know My Lord Bishop
Being arch is for none but the highest divine.

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by HARVEY BLACK

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City Lights

Throgmorton Phlegm

Stock markets have been weathering the Middle East crisis well. Investors have chosen to sit tight, selling has been small, and sharp price movements have come mainly from the jobbers. The gilt-edged market, in particular, has remained surprisingly firm, and the Treasury bill rate last week was unaltered. Attention is now shifting to the economic repercussions of the affair—the possible effect on oil supplies and industrial activity of the blocking of the Canal and the interruption of the flow through the Syrian pipeline, and the influence on prices generally of the rise in freight rates.

* * *

The emergency powers under which H.P. business is controlled will soon have to be replaced by permanent legislation. It is clear from the Queen's speech that the government means to take this opportunity to follow up the hint it dropped in the Spring and take new powers to regulate the borrowing methods of HP finance houses. Ever since the war, while the larger houses have been prevented from increasing their capital by Treasury control, smaller rivals have been springing up and prospering on the boom. The credit squeeze has accelerated the movement and brought a spate of competitive advertising for deposits from the public. There are two separate issues involved in control of finance house borrowing. The first is to extend the power the government already possesses to regulate the activity of the banks. The offer of high interest rates has enabled the finance houses to attract deposits away from the banks and to lend these funds for purposes which the banks, under directive, have refused to approve. It has been possible, to a limited but growing extent, to wriggle out of the squeeze. The second object of regulation would be to protect the public from loss. At present, finance houses are free to run their business as they please. They are not obliged to take any special steps to ensure the safety of their depositors' money, and their advertisements seldom provide the information from which the degree of safety could be assessed. There are two associations, one of large, one of small houses, which lay down standards for their members, but the great majority of the newcomers belong to neither. It will not be easy for the Board of Trade to fix on a satisfactory set of rules, but the established houses are concerned to protect their reputation and are likely to be liberal with advice. Minimum liquidity and reserve ratios, and minimum information standards for advertisements are both possible, but the field is so varied that the best answer might be a registrar of HP finance houses to keep a running watch on the business of his charges. The method is working fairly well with building societies.

Small building societies, too, have flourished on the credit squeeze, and steps have recently been taken to give the investor a little more information about the society to which he is lending his money. The form on which societies have to present their annual return to the Registrar has been revised and a number of new details have to be supplied. It will now be much easier to judge the current state of a society's business, the size of its anticipated losses, its dependence on large depositors, and the degree to which its funds are lent to individual large borrowers.

* * *

Gold-mining is a tricky business. Take the example of Zandpan Gold in the Western Transvaal, a company which was expected to be floated off to the public early next year. An important part of the evidence for assessing the future value of the mine was the good result of two trial boreholes. Evidence has come to light casting doubt on the reliability of these two high assays, and a check on some half cores retained from the two boreholes has given results far below those previously published. The consulting engineers, therefore, have advised the company that these published results should be disregarded. The matter has been handed over to the police for investigation.

* * *

It will be interesting to see full details of the Rank Organisation's offer for the Ordinary shares of British and Dominions Films. It already controls some two-thirds of the company's equity either directly or through subsidiaries, and is now offering to acquire the rest in exchange for Rank "A" Ordinary shares. The terms of the offer seem fair enough in relation to current market values but bad in relation to asset values, and shareholders in British and Dominions could argue that profits (and share prices) have been kept down partly because of the company's £1.65m holding of Rank loan stock. Rank, of course, if the offer goes through, will require this stock back at a discount and will presumably be free to re-issue it.

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No. 365. Post-mortem Delayed

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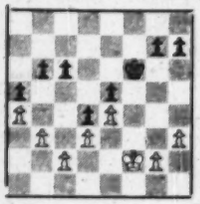
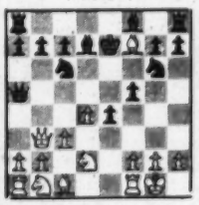


As a matter of fact, it had been given up as a draw by mutual consent of Tchigorin and Weiss, joint winners of the great New York tournament of 1889. This game was supposed to be the "decider" which the Committee insisted on, even though both masters were unwilling to play it. Hence, the draw was merely a gesture, and but for such calculated defiance of authority, Tchigorin would have made a fight of it rather than wait for posterity to find a win for Black.

(1) P-Kt3, P-R4; (2) K-B3, P-KKt4; (3) K-K2, K-K3; (4) K-Q2, K-Q3; (5) P-B3, K-B4; (6) K-B2, P x P; (7) K x P, P-Kt4; (8) P-Q4 ch, P x P ch; (9) K-Q3, P-QKt5; (10) P-K5, K-Q4; (11) P-K6, K x P; (12) K x P, K-Q3; (13) K-B4, P-B4; (14) K-Kt5, K-Q4; (15) K x P, K-B3; (16) K-R6, P-B5, etc.

But why then—it may well be asked—should White lose time by (1) P-Kt3? Why not march the White K straight to the Q-wing by (1) K-K2? It would be a tactically shrewd move, for if Black were rash enough to follow suit by (1) . . . K-K3 and by marching his own K straight to the Q-wing he would actually lose the game on account of White's K-KB3-Kt4-B5, etc. As a matter of fact, after (1) . . . K-K3? (2) K-B3! Black would have to give up his Q-wing sortie and to be content with a draw. Black's only winning lines, infallible against whatever White attempts, are based on an early . . . P-R4 (so as to rob the White K of g4) and above all on . . . K-Kt4. Suppose, e.g. White tries (1) K-Kt3, Black's only but perfectly adequate chance is . . . K-Kt4! (2) P-R4 ch, K-R4. (3) K-R3, P-Kt3! This is an excellent move, whereas (3) . . . P-R3 would be a blunder giving White a chance to escape with a draw by (4) P-KKt4 ch, K-Kt3. (5) K-Kt3, K-B2. (6) P-R5; or (5) . . . K-B3. (6) P-Kt5 ch, P x P. (7) P-R5, and in each case the Black K remains tied to the K-wing. But after the above-mentioned (3) . . . P-Kt3! White must continue (4) P-Kt3 (so as to stop . . . P-R3) and Black can now get cracking by (4) . . . P-QKt4 which may lead to the first-mentioned variation or to (5) P-Kt4 ch, K-R3. (6) P-Kt5 ch, K-Kt2. (7) K-Kt3, K-B2. (8) K-B3, K-K3. (9) K-K2, K-Q3. (10) K-Q2, K-B4. (11) P-B3, P x P ch. (12) K x P, P-Kt5 ch, etc.

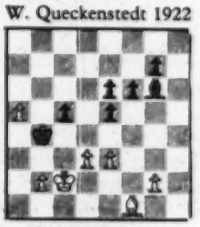
A: M. I. Tchigorin 1889



After this it is only fair to show the great Tchigorin as dashing as he usually was. How, then, in the 4-pointer for beginners did White slay his opponent? To do some equally fitting homage to Berger, **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is one of that great composer's neatest studies, a draw. **C** is a win and hardly too difficult for 7 points.

B: J. Berger 1922

C: W. Queckenstedt 1922



Usual prizes. Entries by November 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 362. Set October 20

A: (1) Q x B, P. x Q, (2) B x P ch, R x B, (3) R-R8 ch, K x R, (4) Kt x R ch, etc.

B: (1) R-KKt7, K-B7, (2) R-Kt2 ch, K-Kt6, (3) R-QR2! K x R, (4) P-R7, etc.

If (1) . . . R-K8 (B8), (2) R-Kt1! followed by P-R7.

C: (1) K-K3! B-B2, (2) K-Q4, B-K1, (3) P-R7, B-B3, (4) B-Q7, etc.

An easy lot and masses of correct solutions. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, A. E. Harris, W. T. Maccall, C. Sansom.

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COUNTRY weekends in comfortable private house. Informal friendly atmosphere, excellent food. Mrs. B. Moss and Miss D. Rose, Strettitt Place, East Peckham, Tonbridge, Kent. Tel. E.P. 344.

"ART of Writing": November 30 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.; also "The First Crusade" and "Social Dynamics of Inflation."

RIVIERA. Charming but modest cottage, Menton near sea. Moderate rent for three months' let. Box 8309.

COSTA Brava. Nice flat on front. Free Nov. to March. Sleeps 5. Rent £15 per month. Details: Bedos, Blanes, Spain.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset. "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, Casablanca, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

XMAS holiday in Nice. Priv. party 15 days £46 10s. incl. Early reservations. Imperial Agency, 96 High St., Chelmsford.

SKI with the Club Méditerranée of Paris. Combine the joys of ski-ing with the informality and gaiety of a French club. Travel Counsellors Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8. WES. 1517.

CHRISTMAS and New Year in Spain. Short sea route via Paris. 8 days house party, Costa Brava, 4 days Barcelona, £40 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

WINTER Sports by air! Make the fullest use of your limited holiday by taking up one of our inclusive air arrangements, allowing 15 days' full ski-ing. Weekly departures from Dec. 22. Inclusive costs from £36 10s. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

CONFERENCES. Large Halls, Committee Rooms and Living accommodation at one centre by the sea for up to 1,000 delegates. Conference Dept., Warner's Holiday Camps, St. Mary's Rd., Hayling Island, Hants.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domes. posts "au pair"/full-time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

PERSONAL—continued

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

CHINESE Market: Sale of Chinese Handicrafts, linens, prints, books, greeting cards, etc., Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W.1, Friday, Nov. 16, 3 p.m. to 9 p.m., Sat., Nov. 17, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Arranged by the Britain China Friendship Association.

THE Children's Market, 29 Holland St., Kensington Church St., W.8. Good clothes for children are out-grown long before they are out-worn. Come to our gay little shop where you can buy and sell children's clothes of every description for boys & girls up to 14 yrs. old. WES. 2676. We collect within 5-mile radius.

VICKY Xmas Cards, 8d. each, 12 @ 5s. 9d., 50 @ 20s. All post free. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

IF you cannot afford a holiday have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths. Members of this Society have completed a minimum of 4 years' full-time training in Natural Therapeutics. Information: Sec., I.S.R.N., Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

HANDY Hint. When taking Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry to a bottle party, have a bottle of something else as a blind. With any luck, you can bring your El Cid back untouched and refer to it later.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29 George St., W.1.

ABBATT Toyshop sells the right toys for the right age. Post orders also welcome; write for Xmas List. Dept. N. Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

THE New Vince Man's Shop specialising in Italian-styled Leisure Wear is Now Open at 15 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. London's finest show of Exclusive Sweaters, Shirts, Slim-Line Slacks, etc. Call or send for illus. catalogue.

TALLAIDZ guarantee height increase. P.O. for 8s. 11d. N., 18 Beadon Rd., W.6.

ADD 2 ins. ht. with Bildup Shoes, Fr. 84s. 6d. pr. or 5s. dep. List free. Capitol Shoes, 315/44 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

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BRIDGE for Beginners; Refresher Courses. Expert tuition at moderate fees. 'Phone PRImrose 9363.

UNPUBLISHED novels. Experts will appraise your MSS. and edit (if necessary). Write first to the Editor, Manuscript Services, 128 Kings Rd., London, S.W.3.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Upton Bishop, Ross-on-Wye.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191). Palace Gate, London, W.8.

HOW to Write & Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for you." The Writer, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

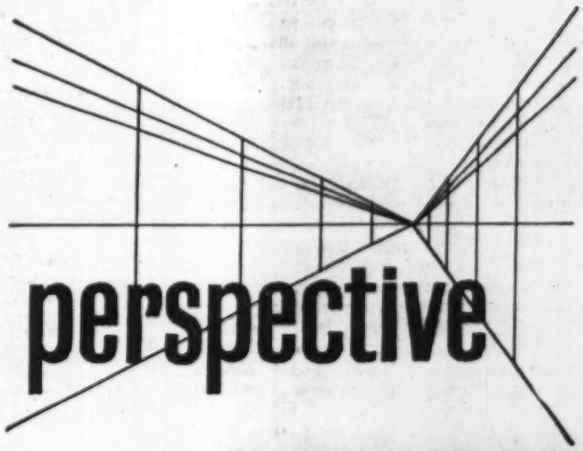
YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

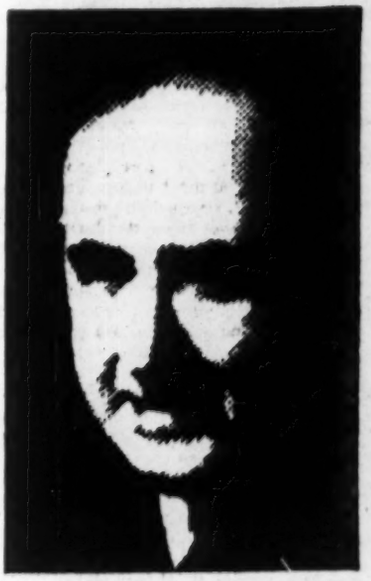
READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Bound Volumes "New Statesman" 1 & 2, "Nation" 27 & 28 (1930-31), 4 Volumes £4 4s.; Chappell Upright Piano, iron frame, good condition, £60 o.n.o.; as new—hand-made Harald Petersen Concert Guitar, £42 10s. model with fitted case—accept £37 10s.

WANTED: Second-hand Spanish Linguaphone records.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.





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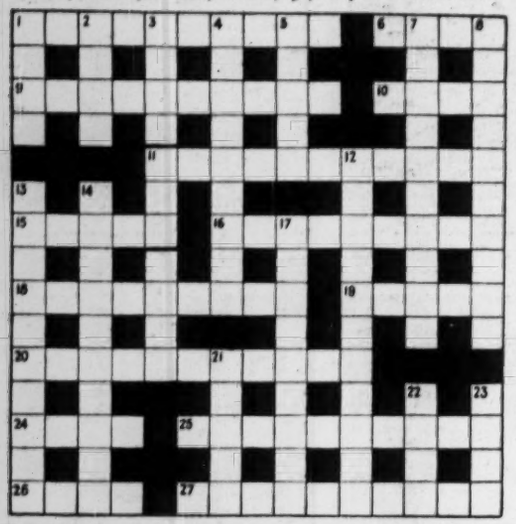
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 224, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 20.



ACROSS

1. They may be seen on the face and may form mouth cases (10).
6. Advertise a kind of pastry (4).
9. Plant needing a change of meter permit (10).
10. Fight, having blows back (4).
11. Diplomats having a morning drink with a film star (11).
15. Walk valued if the confident are inside (5).
16. Echoing warnings broadcast all round the East (9).
18. Workman who makes something poisonous more healthy (9).
19. Concerning what lasts when the hair-do has vanished (5).
20. David makes the catcher take up a catching position (11).
24. Russell on eternity (4).
25. Limited peace with credit destroyed (10).
26. "I am well aware that I am the 'umblest person going," he said (4).
27. Military uniform for prison officials? (10).

DOWN

1. Dull fellow (4).
2. "Sweet are the ——— of adversity" (*A.Y.L.I.*) (4).
3. Not the journal for waiters? (4, 3, 4).
4. One who officiates has to be central (9).
5. Islands which are a trifle up in the middle (5).
7. Not supplied for a poet in under a page perhaps? (10).
8. Gun parts which make the English complain inside fortifications (10).
12. "A needless ——— ends the song" (Pope) (11).
13. Means of transport for the acting tutor? (10).
14. The goddess is essentially a means of communication (10).
17. Full up with mixed fruit and seed (9).
21. Stark goddess (5).
22. Woman who has her place in the heart of selfish people (4).
23. Waits without a sailor for a date (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 222

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 222

Oliver C. Bird (*London, S.E.4*), *Klaus Juraschek* (*Erlangen*), *Mrs. M. S. Grose* (*Walton-le-Dale*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

NEW Zealand Broadcasting Service.—Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Conductor of the National Orchestra of the New Zealand Broadcasting Service. The appointment will be for a period of two years from the date of commencement of duties, towards the end of 1957. The salary will be £NZ2,250 per annum, subject to New Zealand Income Tax and Social Security charge. Applications close on December 31, 1956, with the High Commissioner for New Zealand, New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2, who will supply full details of the position on request.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Research Fellow in the field of Economic and Business History. Work is being carried out on Australian economic development since 1860, on studies of industries and market institutions and on biographies of business firms and entrepreneurs. Other things being equal, preference will be given to applicants whose qualifications lie in these directions. Qualifications may, however, be either in history or in economics. Appointment will be made within the Department of Economics for three years with a possible extension to five years. The salary will be within the range £A1,224-1,824 per annum. Superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern will be provided and reasonable travel expenses will be paid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is December 17, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Stellenbosch. Lecturer in English. Applications are hereby invited for the post of Lecturer in English, salary scale £800 × 50 — £1,050 × 50 — £1,100 × 25 — £1,125 p.a. for men, and £650 × 50—£950 p.a. for women, plus C.O.L. allowance at statutory rates. The person appointed will be expected to assist with the teaching of English throughout the Department from the introductory English Special Course to M.A. Ability to undertake courses in Modern Poetry and in Practical Criticism with advanced students is an essential. Applications, together with certified copies of certificates and testimonials, full particulars concerning age, marital status, experience, present salary, etc., and a medical certificate must reach the undersigned not later than November 26, 1956. S. J. Pretorius, Registrar, University Office, Stellenbosch.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker required, preferably qualified, but candidates with experience in work of a mental hospital would be considered. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the name of one referee, to the Secretary, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, Herts.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

BOOKROOM Assistant, married woman, for National Marriage Guidance Council. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Apply stating sal. reqd. to Office Sec., N.M.G.C., 78 Duke St., W.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (qualified) required at the East London Child Guidance Clinic for vacancy occurring on January 1, 1957. Whitley Council conditions of service and salary scale. This clinic has a psycho-analytic orientation and it is preferred that intending applicants be actively interested on this account. Also an immediate vacancy for a Locum Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., to be sent to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Part-time lay psychotherapists reqd.: (a) Hornsey Child Guidance Centre, The Priory, Priory Rd., N.8. (b) Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.17. 6 Sessions p. wk. Hons. degree in Psychology or equiv.; recognised training and/or experce. in therapy; membership of Assoc. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Payment: 42s. p. 3-hr. session (under review). Post (b) possibility of later full-time appt. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Gt. George St., S.W.1, returnable by, Post (a) November 30, Post (b) November 23. (Quote T.949, N.S.N.)

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1957 for the following: Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II). Code No. 11/57/19. Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (Method II only). Code No. 12/57/19. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service), ie., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (Methods I and II). Code No. 17-20/57/19. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service) (Method I only). Code No. 21/57/19. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service (Method I only) for university graduates. Code No. 22/57/19. Methods of Selection. Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview; Method II of a short written examination in general subjects followed for selected candidates by tests at the Civil Service Selection Board and interview before the Final Selection Board. When two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1957, a degree at a recognised university; the degree required for the Administrative Class and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service competitions is 1st or 2nd class honours. Age Limits: At least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1957, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/57), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed application forms for entry by Method II must be returned by November 30, 1956 and for Method I by February 28, 1957.

YOUNG Electronics Engineers (male), with good Honours Degree and at least three years' works practice, wishing to effect change, are invited to communicate in absolute confidence with the Managing Director of Newport Clocks, Ltd., 102 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. (HOLborn 6647).

LONDON County Council. Posts of Responsibility. Deputy Headmistress, Sedgehill Secondary School, Sedgehill Road, Lewisham, S.E.6. Headmaster: J. E. Brown, B.A. Re-advertisement. A new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls, opening September 1957 (13 form entry). Deputy headmistress required April, 1957. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial allowance (probably in region of £450 a year under 1956 Burnham Report). There will be provision for academic courses some leading to G.C.E. ("O," "A" and "S" levels) and courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10 (Sedgehill) from and returnable to Education Officer, EO/TS10, County Hall, S.E.1 by November 17, 1956. Candidates who have already applied will be considered without re-application. (2152.)

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at the Islington Chest Clinic, Whittington Hospital, Highgate Hill, N.19. Salary scale £564 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience), rising to £705. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, 53 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1, returnable by November 19. (2108)

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen Children's Department. The Corporation of the City of Aberdeen invite applications for the undernoted posts: (i) Warden in a Reception Centre which has accommodation for twelve children and provides specialist facilities for the physical and mental assessment of children. Applicants should be graduates of a British University and should have a qualification in psychology. The salary is £630 rising by annual increments to £855 per annum. A deduction from salary will be made at the rate of £180 per annum in respect of board and residence. (ii) Child Care Assistants in the above Centre. Applicants should have experience in the care of children and preferably should have undertaken the Home Office Course in Child Care. The salary for the post is £380 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £425 per annum. A deduction from salary will be made at the rate of £135 per annum in respect of board and residence. Each post is superannuable and the persons selected for appointment will require to undergo a medical examination. Further particulars of each post may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen. Applications should be accompanied by a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference should be made and should be lodged with the Children's Officer.—J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk, Town House, Aberdeen.

ESSEX.—Part-time Child Psychotherapist (4 sessions a week) at Child Guidance Clinic, Grays. Fee payable 2 guineas per 3-hour session (under review). Travelling expenses. Applications in writing, giving particulars of training and experience, to Divisional Education Officer, Upminster Court, Upminster.

BRITISH Council requires Editorial Assistant for British Medical Bulletin. Candidates must have interest in and ability to do detailed accurate work, know something of scientific or medical terminology, and be able to type. Medical or scientific experience (secreterial, editorial or library) desirable. Starting salary up to £460 (men) or £424 (women) at age 25 or over, rising to £690 (men), also by stages towards equal pay for women. Typing allowance up to £32 a year if qualified. Five-day week. Pension Scheme. Write, quoting E.9 (56) and enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to Director, Personnel Department, 65 Davies Street, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be returned completed by November 20, 1956.

THREE Engineers, one civil, one mechanical and one chemical, required by Hickson & Welch, Ltd. The work to be done is: the erection of new plant and buildings, the maintenance of existing plant and the solving of more intricate chemical engineering problems which occur from time to time. Terms of employment of both qualified and unqualified staff are competitive within the industry. Graduates without industrial experience will be considered provided they are of the right calibre. Applicants should write to the Chief Engineer, Hickson & Welch, Ltd., Castleford, Yorks.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting work for enterprising Nursery School Teachers and others available as House Mothers in an experimental home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MARKET Research. Leading food manufacturer requires experienced lady interviewers, aged 27-35, able to conduct interviews with housewives of all classes. Applicants must be of good personality and education and be willing to travel throughout the country. Apply in writing, giving full details of age, education and previous employment to Box 8298.

SOMERSET Education Committee. Area Youth Organiser. Applications are invited for the appointment of Area Youth Organiser for the West Somerset Area. Salary in accordance with Soulbury Scale (Youth Service Officers, Grade I). Candidates should have had successful experience of work amongst young people and have organising and administrative ability. Canvassing will disqualify. Application forms (returnable by Nov. 24, 1956) and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

EXPERIENCED social worker as organising secretary to the Hampstead Old People's Welfare Association, 107 Kingsgate Rd., N.W.6. Hours 10-4, 5 days weekly. Apply, with testimonials, before Nov. 23.

VACANCY for enterprising young woman interested in international relations, prepared for really hard work and responsibility in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, a sense of humour and some knowledge of typing essential. Languages useful. Previous experience not essential. Write E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

SALES Assistant. Interesting post for a young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Box 8152.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS Educational Association, West Lancs. & Cheshire District, invites applications for the post of Tutor-Organiser in Cheshire. Salary scale £550-£900 according to qualifications and experience. Applicants must have university degree in subject(s) appropriate to adult education. Details and application forms (to be returned not later than November 30, 1956) from F. Gallimore, District Secretary, W.E.A., 62 Hope Street, Liverpool, 1.

LONDON secretarial college requires tutor for shorthand. Ability to teach bookkeeping an advantage. Qualifications: Technical efficiency, wide educational background, interests and experience, with ability to interest and stimulate intelligent students. Apply Box 8321.

PART-time teacher of English to foreigners reqd. West End school. Exp. essen. Retired teacher considered. Box 8158.

HSEFATHER. adolescents' Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Residential Centre, Oaks Rd., Croydon. ADD. 2310.

TRAVEL organisation near Baker Street rapidly expanding, will need more staff soon. Qualifications: good office background, flair for detail, capacity to work intensively when necessary, languages if possible. Compensations: interesting work, progressive salaries, three weeks' leave, free holidays abroad, pension scheme, etc. Opportunities will arise for persons of both sexes between 18 and 30. Shorthand-typist with high speeds also needed. Applications should tabulate experience, etc., with salaries earned and be sent to Box 26, c/o Darbys, 24 Black Friars Lane, E.C.4.

REQUIRED for January, Woman Secretary to co-ordinate work of a team of technical executives at the head of a rapidly expanding engineering organisation. The post is one involving responsibility and applicants, who should be competent shorthand-typists, should possess experience in office routine, preferably a knowledge of languages, and possibly some journalistic exp. Apply in writing to the Managing Director, Nuclear Engineering, Ltd., Greenwich Metal Works, S.E.7.

DESIGN Research Unit has vacancy someone take charge small so-called "library," to maintain files/indices of catalogues, samples, photos, magazines, books, technical information, etc., assist architects/designers research new materials, fittings. Methodical approach, liking for routine and filing, ability to type own letters, all essential; some knowledge of architectural/design field desirable. Write Business Manager, 37 Park Street, London, W.1.

IMPERIAL College of Science & Technology: Science Professor seeks intelligent and reliable Sec.-S./T. to work in College, Kensington area. 9.30-5! No Sats.! 3 weeks holiday! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911 & 5 Bow Lane, E.C.4. CIT. 7788.

SHORTHAND-Typists required by the Labour Party. Interesting positions for capable workers. Knowledge of the Labour Movement and experience of office work an advantage. Salary at 24, £500. Pension scheme. Applications to the General Secretary. Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

ACCOUNTANT-secretary (woman) for London, N.W.1, office of society concerned with nutrition & soil fertility. Int. work for suitable person for whom hrs. of work could, if nec., be adjusted. Box 8480.

HOME Typists reqd. Good standard of educ. & typing necessary. Send samples of work to Box 8404 or telephone GER. 0163.

SHORTHAND-typist, salary £8-9 p.w. 9.30-5.30. No Saturdays. 3 weeks' holiday. Superann. Apply National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith St., S.W.1.

FEMALE required for straightforward clerical work. Age immaterial but interest in crafts an advantage. Pleasant job. Hours and remuneration by arrangement. Apply: Dryad Handicrafts, 22 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

SPARE-time lit. opportunity yng. biologist (f.), lively ideas, style. Box 8299.

A SYNAGOGUE in West London requires a part-time typist, good at figures (no book-keeping). State hours available and salary expected. Box 8325.

PART-time shorthand-typist, willing to help generally, required for Executive Development Department. Write fully to Director of Studies, British Institute of Management, 8 Hill Street, W.1.

IRVING Theatre, Leics. Sq., reqs. pt.-time box office assistant. Apply after 3.

TELEPHONIST/clerk for Trade Union office. Hours 9.45 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. 5-day week. Write Box 8359.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2., 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

HELP needed with household duties and looking after new baby in Central London flat from January. Living out. Occasional late evenings. Apply Mrs. Misha Black, 2 Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY-Sh./T. required to assist in Research Dept. Must be intelligent and capable, under 30 years. 5-day week; good holidays, pension scheme. Minimum commencing salary £428 p.a., on progressive scale. Apply: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

FINANCE Clerk (adult male), with knowledge of book-keeping required for large organisation in Westminster. Knowledge of typing an advantage. Commencing salary £8 14s. per week, rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 8350.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

CANADA. Mother's helps and domestics required for attractive posts. Applications with three passport photographs and copy of references to Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Secretary Shorthand / Typist requires position of trust—initiative. Fluent German and French. Box 8360.

GIRL, 22, 4 yrs. Slade, painting, drawing, sks. work, London. Box 8358.

ALMOST any proposition welcomed by yg. lady B.Sc.(Econ.), languages, widely travelled, even wider exp., interests, great initiative, energy, sks. intg. &/or highly remun. post London/Continent. Box 8351.

WRITER, 33, linguist, five years film "fringe," last five on Continent, seeks London post from New Year. Main leanings: film, stage, radio, but anything of interest considered. Box 8310.

SOCIAL Sciences graduate, extensive research & secretarial exp., own typewriter, sks. part-time work London. Box 8401.

WELL-educated, enthusiastic woman Assistant, expd. committee work, précis writing, correspondence, fluent French, German, Spanish, some Italian, typist, driver, sks. post reqg. max. initiat. Box 8377.

CAMBRIDGE graduate (English Hnrs.), exp. adult education, Eng. foreigners, etc. part-, poss. full-time. Box 8270.

LADY, 30, seeks part-time secretarial-receptionist position. Able drive, musical & artistic interests. Box 8297.

EXP. sec., varied ints., adaptable, sks. intg. post Lond. pref. non-commer. Box 8305.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

GORDON Schaffer analyses world situation, Stephen Swingler, M.P., writes on background to Suez in B.P.C. Newsletter available now price 4d. from British Peace Committee, 81 City Road, London, E.C.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS purchased. Complete libraries or smaller quantities. Distance no object. Also Manuscripts & Autograph Letters. Catalogues issued of books for sale. Send for List 84, Art, Music Sets, etc. Howes Bookshop, Ltd., Hastings. Tel. 3437.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

LABOUR Discussion Forum: First contributions in November Labour Monthly. Also: Blackpool Balance-sheet (R.P.D.); Nationalise Now! (Joan Maynard, J.P., C.C.); Eye-Witness at Peking (R. Page Arnot); A New Trend in Films (John Alexander); Unpublished Letters from Jenny Marx. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. Tavistock Rep. Asmodée or The Intruder, by Mauriac. 7.30, Fri. Nov. 9, Sat. 10. (Last 2 perfs.) 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475; 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Bald Primadonna" & "The New Tenant." Mcms. only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Brecht's "Exception & Rule." Lorca's "Shoemaker's Wife." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems. only.

OPERA Circle, Sun., Nov. 25, 8 p.m. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. "La Sonnambula," Bellini. Intro. Tom Hammond, with members Sadler's Wells Opera Co. Jan. 13, "Jenufa" by Janacek with members Covent Garden cast. Partics. from Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Première of Sergei Samsonov's film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper" (La Cigale) (A). In Agfacolor. Also "Time Out of War" (U).

ROXY. Nov. 11, 7 days. G. Kelly, R. Milland, Dial M for Murder (A). BAY. 2345.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 10. Carole Lombard, William Powell in "My Man Godfrey" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROYAL Festival Hall. WAT. 3191. Sat., Dec. 1, at 3 p.m., "Wild America," colour film of American wild life with James Fisher. 2s. 6d, 10s.

ASIAN Film Society presents Sohrab Modi's screen classic "Queen of Jhansi," Indian historical film in technicolour, English sub-titles, on Sun., Nov. 18, Scala Theatre, 6 p.m. Director Sohrab Modi and heroine Mehtab will introduce their film. For partics. & membership apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1. GER. 0287.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs., every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

BARN Dances—Every week at Cecil Sharp House. Ring GUL. 2206.

I.C.A. 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat. Nov. 10, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

BARBECUE. Labour Party, 8 p.m. Nov. 10. 2s. 2 Hampstead Hill Gdns. N.W.3.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, November 11 at 7.30, Royal Festival Hall. Threnody for a soldier killed in action—Collins; Violin Concerto—Walton; Garden of Fand—Bax. Cond. Basil Cameron, soloist Ida Haendel. Morning Heroes—Bliss, cond. by the composer; orator Richard Attenborough. Croydon Philharmonic Choir. London Symphony Orchestra. 5s. to 21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14 at 5.45. Arnold Richardson—Organ Recital. Works by Bach, Vierne & Reubke. Tickets: 3s. 6d. (unres.) WAT. 3191 & agts.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Fri., November 16, at 8.15 p.m. Music and the Documentary Film. Petrassi, "Geometry Lesson," Seiber, "Graham Sutherland," Britten, "Coal Face," Copland, "The City," Rawsthorne, "The Dancing Fleece." Tickets 3s. at the door only.

PURCELL: Ode for St. Cecilia's Day 1692 and works by Barsanti. Ilse Wolf, Alfred Deller, Gerald English, Maurice Bevan, Edgar Hunt. Choir, Orchestra, Cond. W. Bergmann. Sat., Nov. 10, at 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. from secretary or at the door.

GOLDBERG Variations by Bach played by Millicent Silver (Harpsichord). Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., Nov. 10 at 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

THE Renaissance Singers (male voices). Director Michael Howard. Sat., Nov. 10, 3 p.m. St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Remembrance Day Recital. Anerio, Byrd, Senfl.

NEW Music. Monday, November 19 at 7.30 p.m. in Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James Sq., S.W.1. The Purcell Singers (Cond.—Imogen Holst) Works by Holst, Rawsthorne, Stravinsky, Britten, etc.

FREE Concerts at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday Evenings at 7.45 p.m. November 14, Military Music and the History of the Military Band by Students of the Royal School of Music, Kneller Hall. Conductor: Mr. R. Basford, A.R.C.M., psm School Bandmaster and Assistant to the Chief Instructor. November 21, Folk Music of Ireland. Seats may be reserved at either of these concerts on application to the Curator.

85TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Thurs. November 22 at 7.30. French Radio Children's Choir in Choral Music. Adam de la Halle to Poulenc. Fauré & Debussy Piano Duets. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall, WEL. 2141.

EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Bryan Kneale; Frederick Gore; & Henry Cliffe. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 24.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters, 19th & 20th Centuries. Important works for sale—Boudin, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Fantin, Monet, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Hans. Erni. Paintings, Drawings & Lithographs. Until Nov. 24, 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Picasso Himself, original paintings, photographs, documents and souvenirs. Monday to Friday 10-6, Wednesday 10-8, Saturday 10-4. Closed Sundays. Adm. 2s. Members free.

BRAQUE. An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tue., Thur., 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

16th and 17th Century Theatre Design in Paris. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Brian Robb. Oct. 31 until Nov. 24.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jewish Artists in England, 1656-1956. A Tercentenary Exhibition. Week-days 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl. W.1. Sculptures & Drawings, Raymond Mason. Pntgs., Michael Fussell. 10-5.30. St. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Giacomo Manzù—Sculpture & Drawings. Until Dec. 7. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galls., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Pierre Lesieur (1st Exbn. in England) and W. Pilawski 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. The Creighton Lecture, entitled "Cardinal Gasquet as an Historian," will be given by The Rev. Professor M. D. Knowles (Cambridge) at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on Monday, November 19, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

DEATH in the Air. Conference on Air Pollution, Conway Hall, November 10—Postponed, owing to Suez Crisis. New date announced shortly. Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

AFRICAN Forum—Thomas Hodgkin, Oxford University, on "Islam & Politics in Africa." Film Show, Nov. 13, 7.30. 32 Percy Street (Tottenham Court Road).

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, November 11, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming. "The Generation of Two World Wars."

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meet the Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed., Nov. 14, 6.30: "Here and Now," M. O'C. Walshe. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly, 2s. 9d., post free. Inf. 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. TAT. 1313.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Nov. 15, 6.30. "A Universal Religion—Is It Possible?" Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

LECTURE on Groddeck by Oscar Kollerström. Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1, 8.30 p.m. Monday, Nov. 12. The It & Freudian Theory. Collection.

THE Classic Jewish Theatre Group presents a talk and demonstration on Stage Make-Up. Mon., Nov. 12, at 21 Dean St., W.1, at 8.30. All welcome. Enqs.: Miss E. Cohen, 3 Kenneth Crescent, N.W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"STAND by the United Nations." Public Meeting organised by U.N.A. at the Kingsway Hall, Fri., Nov. 9, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Rev. Dr. George MacLeod and others.

"SUEZ, Israel, Cyprus." Douglas Jay, P.C., M.P., Sidney Silverman, M.P., Lena Jeger, M.P. Hampstead Town Hall, Fri., Nov. 16, 8 p.m. Near Belsize L.T. Station.

C. A. R. CROSLAND and Kingsley Martin on "Is Equality Worth It?" Fabian Autumn Lecture, 7.15, Nov. 14, Livingstone Hall (opp. St. James's Park Stn.). Tkts. 2s. 6d. at door/from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WAGE Differentials. Dr. Elliott Jaques speaks St. Marylebone Labour Party, 88 Park Rd., N.W.1. Tu., Nov. 13 at 8.

I.C.A. 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon. Nov. 12, 8.15 p.m. Jazz: Lect. Recital, John Lewis: Brian Harvey & Anne Kennedy-Wilson. Personal Choice: Charles Fox. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

S.C.R. Education Section Annual General Meeting. Thurs., Nov. 29, at 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. 7.15 p.m.

WOLF Mankowitz & Alick West. Questions & Discussion on "British & Soviet Writing Today." Refmts. Mems'. Bar. Tu., Nov. 27, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2s 6d. (Students & S.C.R. 2s.). Book early.

THE Future of the Welfare State—Where Do We Go from Here?. Richard Clements at Hampstead Ethical Society, 39 Priory Rd. N.W.6. Nov. 10 at 2.45.

PERSONALIST Group. Kathleen Nott on "A Novelist Looks at the Younger Novelists." Conway Hall, Mon., Nov. 12, 7.30.

"CONWAY Discussions." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7.15 p.m. Herbert Cutner, "J. M. Robertson and 'The Shakespeare Problem.'" Adm. free. Collection.

SPLAC. Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 11, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "J. M. Robertson and the Myth Theory." Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., on November 17. M. Georges Le Breton (Alliance Française): "Jean Cocteau."

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7696.) Fri., Nov. 9, 8 p.m. O. Fielding-Clarke, "Berdyaev." Sat., Nov. 10, 8 p.m. Chamber Music Concert. Fri., Nov. 16, 8 p.m. David Tutaev, "Dostoievsky and Interpretation."

"LET'S Get This Straight." Men's Group, 113 Broadley St. N.W.8. Nov. 13 at 8. Anarchism & Christianity: Donald Rooum.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Nov. 16, 8.30. Dr. A. A. Baker, "Nepal" (illus). 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LANTERN Lecture. Sir William Holford on "New Ideas in Old London," Tues. Nov. 13, 6.30 p.m. 6 Belgrave Sq. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. Apply SLO. 6433 or at door.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY College, London. Communication Research Centre. Public Lectures on Aspects of Translation on Mondays at 5.30 p.m. in the Gustave Tuck Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street, W.C.1.) Nov. 19—Translation, Professor L. W. Forster. Nov. 26—The Problem of Style in Translation from French, Dr. L. W. Tancock. Dec. 3—Translation from Greek Philosophy, Mr. D. J. Furley. Admission free, without ticket. E. A. L. Gueterbock, Secretary.

ASIAN Survey. Weekend course, Missenden Abbey, Nov. 30 to Dec. 2. Details from Warden, Missenden Abbey, Great Missenden, Bucks.

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LECTURES, COURSES, ETC.—continued

POTTERY course, resident, conducted by Murray Fieldhouse. January 2 to 9. Lecturers & demonstrators include C. A. Burland, Helen Pincombe, Henry Hammond, Frank Spindler, Stanilas Reychan. Beginners welcome. Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

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